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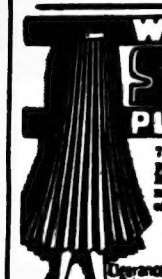

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A Few of the Vital Human Problems that are frankly answered in this

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Illustrated on this page and also set out below are just a few of the thousands of real life intimate problems which this book answers

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Is Birth Control Harmful?
Would it make any difference to the physical side of marriage if we have no children for the first year or two? (For answer see page 43.)

★

Should Parents or Teachers Tell?
Is it the duty of the parents or school to give instruction in sex matters? If parents, what is the best way to do it? (For answer see page 364.)

★

Anxiety Through Unemployment.
My unemployment worries me and I get depressed. It seems to lessen my chances of getting another job. How can I get a grip on myself? (For answer see page 482.)

★

"Arranged" Divorce.
My husband and I have agreed that he should provide a week-end hotel bill as divorce evidence. Does my consenting affect the chances of a divorce? (For answer see page 475.)

★

Wife Loves Another Man.
My wife after several years happy marriage has met another man and wants a divorce. I want my children and do not intend to drag my name in the mud. How can I find a solution to this intolerable position? (For answer see page 78.)

★

Is it Friendship or Love?
I love a young man deeply, yet he seems to be only friendly. How can I get him to disclose his true feelings? (For answer see page 9.)

★

Couple's Conflicting Interests.
I like sports and hiking, while my wife likes gardening, reading and the cinema. How can we reconcile our tastes? (For answer see page 59.)

★

Terrible Depression.
Every two or three weeks I have terrible fits of depression, and my nerves go to pieces. Can you help me? (For answer see page 469.)

★

The Unresponsive Bride.
Our honeymoon has depressed me. My wife brooded for hours and scarcely noticed me. What was the reason? (For answer see page 47.)

★

Domineering Wife.
My wife was shy and retiring before marriage. Now she is hard, practical, domineering, hasn't time for affection. What is the cause? (For answer see page 58.)

★

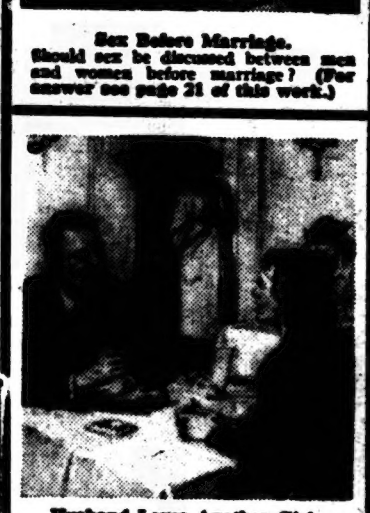
Change of Life in Men?
My husband, who is forty-five, seems very dull and depressed lately. I laughed when he said it was the change of life. Do men have such a thing? (For answer see page 87.)

This great book answers thousands of personal problems any one of which may at any moment come on you like a "bolt from the blue."

MAN, W

Sex Before Marriage.
Should sex be discussed between men and women before marriage? (For answer see page 21 of this work.)

Wife Refuses to Have Children.
My marriage is a mockery. My wife is not willing to become a mother. I have always longed for children. What shall I do? (For answer see page 65 of this work.)



Husband Loves Another Girl.
Though I am only 30 I am losing my husband's love to a younger girl. How can I get him back? (For answer see page 77 of this work.)

Husband Cuts Housekeeping Money.
My husband has become increasingly reluctant to give me money, and I find it difficult to provide for myself and children. What is the remedy? (For answer see page 482 of this work.)

Signs of Pregnancy.
Do women always have morning sickness during pregnancy? I feel quite well except in the evenings. What are the first signs of pregnancy? (For answer see page 220.)

"Detained" At His Work.
I am dreadfully in love with George, yet he seems cooler and stays later at his work than when we first married. What do you think is wrong? (For answer see page 60 of this work.)

The Lonely Wife.
My husband is away 10 hours a day, and so we live among strangers my nerves are going to pieces with loneliness. How can I find friendship? (For answer see page 55 of this work.)

Support of Poor Relatives.
I have been requested to make payments towards the support of my grandfather, who is in receipt of public assistance. Must I pay? (For answer see page 524.)

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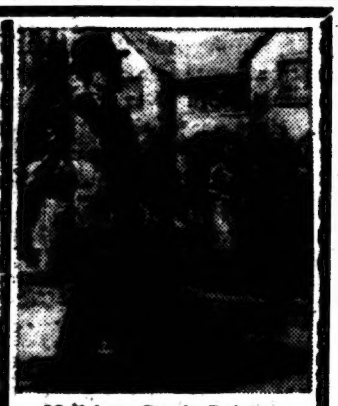
The illustrations on the right are typical of the thousands of real life problems which are set out and answered in this amazing new book. Below is an illustration of the book itself in the handsome De Luxe Edition. See preceding pages and apply at once for this great new work.

Should Husbands Do Housework?
We are having trouble because I won't help with housework. I don't suppose my wife to do my job, so why should I do hers? Do you agree? (For answer see page 50 of this week.)



Malicious County Raising Stories
Though my wife believes my word, poisonous rumours about me concerning with an unmarried girl are ruining our happiness. What steps should I take? (For answer see page 8a.)

Dealing With Obstinate Children
How can one make an unpleasant, obstinate child which spoils all its playmates more reasonable? (For answer see page 900 of this week.)

Is Vaccination Harmful to Babies?
Is it really necessary to have a baby vaccinated at a month old, or will it upset him? (For answer see page 948.)

Disillusioned by Honeymoon
Our honeymoon is just over. I thought married life would be beautiful, but it has turned out hateful. What am I to do? (For answer see page 50.)

Should One Marry at Fifty?
At fifty, and a confirmed bachelor, I find myself inclined to propose to a woman fifteen years younger. Would it be fair to ask her? (For answer see page 50.)

"John Bull's" Amazing Presentation to every Reader

★

In the special announcement on the preceding pages "John Bull" invites every reader to secure its great new Presentation — "EVERYBODY'S BEST FRIEND"—an entirely new work never before offered to the public—now coming off the press. In 640 pages and nearly 300,000 words this work covers thousands of the most vital problems in the lives of men and women and gives the answer to each. Here at last is a work which men and women of all ages have long wanted—a work in which they can find solutions to problems which they hesitate to discuss even with their closest companions. "EVERYBODY'S BEST FRIEND" is a book of such personal, lifelong interest that for the benefit of those who would like this volume in a binding of unusual dignity and richness, the work is also available in a magnificent Brown Antique-finish Art Leather De Luxe Edition as illustrated on this page. This Edition is a real Library Volume with title embossed on the spine in real 22-CARAT GOLD. It is further enhanced by a special headband, endpapers, and coloured dust-proof top edges.

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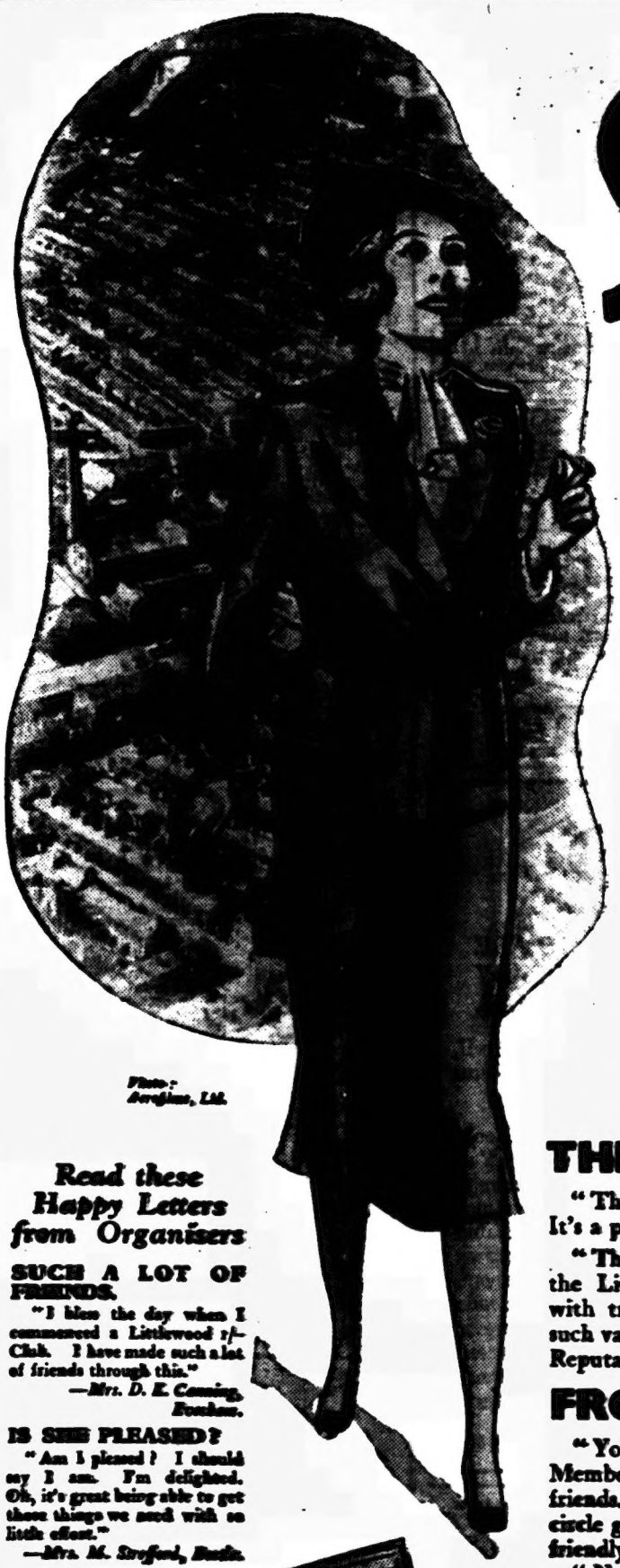

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John Moores
Managing Director.

MR. JOHN MOORES

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"I bless the day when I commenced a Littlewood 1/- Club. I have made such a lot of friends through this."

—*Mrs. D. E. Canning, Evesham.*

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"Am I pleased? I should say I am. I'm delighted. Oh, it's great being able to get these things we need with so little effort."

—*Mrs. M. Stafford, Hanley.*

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THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1938

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

WE MUST NOT PAWN THE FUTURE

MORE than anything else, Britons want a settlement of the problem.

No need to mention what problem!

But equally they want a just settlement—one which emerges from reason, discussion and negotiation.

No Betrayal

It is not enough to settle only the Sudeten riddle.

The future must not be mortgaged to secure temporary appeasement.

We betray our sons if we do no more to-day than stave off the real crisis for a few uneasy years.

We betray ourselves if we imagine that constant patching of the European crazy quilt will finally create upon it an ordered design.

—And No Rancour

Let reassembled Parliament bear these plain facts in mind as it debates the Prime Minister's report of his courageous mission.

Let everything be said bluntly but without passion or rancour.

And no secret diplomacy any more! Britons are adult enough to be told all the facts and to judge them calmly and justly.

It is their *right*, under Democracy, to know these facts—just as it is JOHN BULL's right to express its own views, not those of any Propaganda Ministry.

Your Heritage

If JOHN BULL were published in a totalitarian state, we shouldn't be able to print the views expressed on page 7, for example.

Nor would A. G. Gardiner be permitted to speak out on page 11.

Read those two pages. They are free expressions of honest opinions which we and A. G. G. invite (but cannot command) you to support.

Read also every other line you can find about the situation. All the pros and all the cons.

Then make up your own mind—and thank Democracy for your right to do so.

Grow More Food

Tilling the soil! Sailing the sea! Two of man's oldest occupations.

Even in peacetime still two of Britain's greatest trades. In time of war, vital to our existence.

We can't grow all the food we need. But grow all we can! The rest we must import. For that we need merchantmen and a navy to protect them.

Call of the Sea

For both merchant service and navy we need trained seamen. We need, too, to keep alive and thriving the seafaring spirit of our race.

We can't grow all the food we need, but we must grow all we can

More Britons on the land! More Britons on the sea! Our pride, our interests and our safety alike require it.

Vanishing Acres

How badly we have let the land go is shown by the report of the Wheat Commission.

Thanks to the Wheat Act, acreage under wheat has risen from 1,250,000 to 1,836,000 since 1931. But we're still only just back to the figure of 1914!

And while we've struggled to do that, oats and barley acreage has continued to fall. So the total area under the plough is going down instead of up.

And that's been happening year by year since 1921!

No wonder farmers protest. The whole nation must protest!

Save Our Ships

Don't neglect our shipping as we've neglected our land. Foreign competition is menacing even trade between our own ports.

Of what use trying to improve working conditions aboard ship if there's no work for ships to do?

Many municipalities are asking their contractors to use only British coastal ships. But that, excellent though it is, is not enough. The Government must act. Keep the British coastal trade to British ships!

Everyman's Castle

An Englishman's home is his castle. Praise the building societies, who are enabling 1,250,000 British citizens to live in their own castles instead of the landlords'.

The societies want to extend their facilities more and more to smaller wage-earners. We hope they'll succeed.

Home, Sweet Home

Workers, own your own homes! The idea of "home" is one of Britain's gifts to civilisation. It's a word that exists in no other language.

A house is just somewhere to live. A home is a house that's been lived in, that's become a storehouse of friendly memories and associations, that's absorbed the personality of the people it shelters.

Radio-Proof

Building societies are out to help would-be house-owners. The building industry brings hope to harassed flat-dwellers.

Have you a neighbour with a noisy wireless set? Send him to the Building Exhibition in London.

There they've a radio-proof flat. Save me from my friends! is a well-worn cry. The builders will save you from your neighbours.

Cut the Risks

More well-meaning devices to increase road safety! Removal of confusing road-signs. Marking alternate traffic lanes in contrasting colours.

Pedestrian subways on arterial highways. A Middlesex plan to give schoolchildren "licences," to be "endorsed" by teachers if road-safety rules broken.

All these schemes excellent in their way. But still no sign of a bold, comprehensive policy.

Certainly people must walk and drive with care.

But why not reduce to a minimum the hazards that they have to face? Don't give carelessness a chance!

Planned Highways

Build motor-ways as we built railways: designed to secure both maximum speed for traffic and maximum safety for the public.

And make our highways part of a general planning of town and country. See, for example, that schools are erected at the safest and not—as too often now—the most dangerous places.

On the Shelf

What's happened to the Bressey report? That was a bold thirty-year scheme for reshaping the road system of London.

It was presented to the Minister of Transport. But, technically, he's not responsible for carrying it out.

That duty—nominally, at any rate—rests with the horde of local authorities who between them control the road communications of our mighty metropolis.

Cut this red tape! Let the Minister take power into his own hands.

Better Breakfasts

Don't scamp your breakfast! No sleep so sweet as that last, lingering half-hour. Or so you think at the time. But it's bad in the long run.

So warns the Committee against malnutrition. They've measured what a good breakfast means—at least for children. Fifty Barking youngsters from poor homes were given a spell of breakfasts at school. Result: much improved weight and progress.

The same goes for adults. Bigger and better breakfasts build better men!

Consider Your Verdict

Imagine that you are chairman of the magistrates' bench at Christchurch, Hants, and that you have to give a decision on the following facts.

On arriving at a verdict, turn to Page 6 and compare it with the one reached by the magistrates.

The prisoner is Frank Armstrong, a penniless sailor, who, on the way to Southampton Docks to look for a ship, found himself stranded.

He is charged with destroying food in the workhouse, to which he had sought admission.

The food was tinned meat, vegetables and a piece of cheese, and the value of it was placed by the authorities at 1s. 6d.

Armstrong refused the meat. It was certainly discoloured.

He alleged, after a mouthful, that it was also tainted.

A workhouse official's evidence was that, except for the colour, it was in good condition.

There were "words" upon the matter, and Armstrong threw the meat into a box, preferring to go hungry.

How would you have dealt with the man, who had a clean record?

Voice of the People

- Soldier's Wife
- Helping Hand
- Turned Out
- War Horses
- It's a Record
- Radio Relays

I AM a soldier's wife. My husband has been sent abroad, leaving me with a boy of two and a girl of eight months.

Because I am not "on the strength" my weekly allowance is 15s. 9d. a week—six shillings of which has to go for rent.

The struggle is getting beyond me. Surely, surely the authorities can learn common humanity.—Mrs. S. C., Wiltshire.

Official view, which sounds very hard, is that it is necessary to discourage soldiers from marrying too young—that it is unwise to have four-fifths of a barracks devoted to women and children. Yet we happen to know that many hundreds of soldiers' unofficial wives are living on relief—and that seems wrong.

Blind Leads Blind

This has actually happened to a blind friend of ours.

He stood on the kerb waiting to cross the road and, asking a lady who was passing whether she would help him, was rewarded with a cheery: "Yes, certainly!"

When the other kerb had been reached this lady was so persistent in asking him whether he would be quite all right that he said: "Why do you worry so much? Is there something wrong?"

And the reply, which astonished him, was: "No, nothing wrong. But I know the difficulties. I am blind, too."—Mrs. W., Pinder Street, Moss Side, Manchester, 15.

It Suited Them

My father has paid a visit to a Lancashire police court where two of the prisoners, awaiting their turn to go into court, were left for a minute in a passage while the policeman went into another room to see the inspector.

These two men were turned into the street by another constable because one of them spat on the floor—and their absence wasn't noticed till their case was called!—Master J. C. Thornber, 100, Brainerd Street, Liverpool, 13.

During robbery from a Euston (London) Post Office, some fifteen years ago, an unfortunate constable passing helped the burglars to put the safe into a van.

Charge for Chargers

I am a small business man, and I have always bought my horses from the War Office at a very reasonable figure.

I have always given them good food and shelter, and a painless death when death is more merciful.

I have got a mare now that is 26 or 28 years old, and the locals think she is eight!

To-day I have no chance to buy them. They have to be auctioned. Dealers, with money to travel, snap them up. I can't get the worst under £40.—D. O., Sheffield.

Says War Office: "We are no longer selling by private treaty. Everyone has his chance at public auction. Average price obtained during 1938 is about £25."

Rolling Stone

Since my marriage on September 27, 1922, I have lived in 24 houses.

I have had five moving days since December 9 of last year. JOHN BULL'S free insurance gift department must be fed up with getting notifications from me changing my address.

Rolling stones are supposed to gather no moss. But I have kept improving my position by rolling.—Registered Reader Y 393, 657, Dove Lane, Darwen (if you catch me in time).

Leading London furniture remover couldn't beat this, but remembers a man who, having just seen his furniture moved into a new house, asked the vanmen to move him again next day. He was an Air Force officer—had been posted to a new district on moving day.

Thoughtful

I take my hat off to the employer of a factory night watchman I know.

He has allowed the watchman the use of a long-range wireless set able to get Continental stations. He wants him to enliven the long, silent hours.—Mr. J. Tessyman, 4a, Lingham Street, Stockwell, S.W.9.

Radio Grouch

Eight years ago the east of England was promised a B.B.C. relay station—but nothing has been done.

We East Anglians are still waiting for the chance to hear our own station—or at least to hear B.B.C. relays a little better.

They're talking now of giving the Midlands a television station. Let them give us a radio station first—at a quarter of the cost.—L. A. Brighton, 63, Mousehold Street, Silver Street, Norwich.

"We made no promise," says B.B.C. "What we did was to say that we realise the service in East Anglia is poor, and that question of a relay transmitter is under consideration. The matter is not being forgotten."

One hundred and sixty-eight years on one cycle!
On a home-made cycle at that!
Eighty-year-old Darby made it so that he could take his eighty-eight-year-old Joan out three times a week.
"You'll never find a jollier couple than Mr. and Mrs. W. Saunders, of this town," writes Reader H. Cotton, 9, Ramsay Road, St. Ives, Huntingdonshire, who took this picture.

There's one born every minute

KNOWING nothing at all about racing, and despite the fact that I have never had a bet in my life, I got a job connected with the "tote."

From that moment most of the people I knew were insisting on my naming a horse for every possible race, and, despite my warning that I knew nothing at all about it, putting money they could ill afford to lose on any animal I named.

Barnum was quite right when he said, "There's a mug born every minute."—P. B., Carlisle.

HERE is a trick practised by a coal delivery man in this district:

Asked, say, for five hundredweight of coal, he will carry four full sacks and one empty one to your coal-house. Mug-householders are quite prepared to count the empty bags at the door—and pay.—R. E. W., Headingley Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

MANY years of experience on big liners teach me that professional tricksters are the easiest people to dupe—providing you can find a trick that is new to them.

Big business men, contrary to the usual belief, are easier prey than clergymen. Tradesmen aren't too easy.

And as for women—on the whole, they're ten times harder to "salt" than a man.—V. H. D., Sheffield.

SAID the overman to a shifter in a pit in which I worked: "Go and give us a bit more height in the west flat. Ponies and tubs are scraping the top."

Hours elapsed, and the man didn't return. And the overman, going to find him, saw he had undertaken the herculean task of hewing away the solid roof.

"Haven't you any brains?" he shouted. "Why couldn't you scrape a bit of the loose stuff away from the floor?"

To which the shifter retorted: "It's the top that's catching the ponies, isn't it? It's you who wants brains."—W. Lockey, junr., 127, Dorset Avenue, near Chester-le-street.

I HAVE recently acted as enumerator in a local traffic census.

A woman with bassinette and a crowd of children stopped and watched me making notes, questioned a passer-by, caught the word "census," and lined up her little throng.

Then, very meekly, she explained: "Perhaps I ought to tell you two of these youngsters aren't mine. They belong to a friend."—Charles E. Adams, 75, Gladstone Avenue, Manor Park, E.12.

TWELVE "mugs" in a Birmingham cheap-jack auction booth handed up pound notes, which the auctioneer placed under twelve "Liberian gold watches."

The usual thing happened. The auctioneer offered each bidder his pound note and the watch for another pound.

And each mug—blind to the fact that he was buying his own pound back, and not the auctioneer's—fell for the story.

But the point I wish to make is this. One of the bidders, a working man, walking out with the 2s. 10d. watch that had cost him seven times as much, tipped the attendant at the door 5s., with the words: "*This watch is the first free gift I've had in my life.*"—J. d'L., Walsall.

Absent-minded

Reading, once, that the late G. K. Chesterton went up to a railway booking office in a fit of aberration and asked for a cup of coffee, I decided that the story was somewhat tall.

But, as a friend of mine, who was reading a Polar novel on a recent hot day, went out to see if it was snowing outside—well, I've decided that absent-mindedness does sometimes take strange turns.—G. A. Lee, 14, Cookson Street, Kirkby-in-Ashfield.

Writer of this footnote can believe anything of late G. K. C.'s memory. Ten years ago, while himself sheltering from almost tropical downpour in Oxford's High Street, he saw the famous writer walking along, wet to skin, chuckling to himself—and carrying an unrolled umbrella. Reminded that it was raining, Chesterton replied: "Bless my soul, so it is," and stopped chuckling.

We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done.

So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

And there are other pages where you can help us to help you.

A. G. Gardiner ..... *Page* 11
Sir Wyndham Childs ..... *Page* 13
True Story ..... *Page* 30
Human Documents ..... *Page* 32

THE VERDICT

(*See page* 5)

Sailor Armstrong was convicted and sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment.

JOHN BULL'S verdict—This is injustice, not justice.

Waiting in Downing Street for news of the crisis

PEACE RESTS ON YOU

TAKE heart, for the peace has been kept. And kept largely by YOU.

You played the first part in preventing war—you and your fellow men and women in Germany and France, in Czechoslovakia and Russia, in all the other countries.

Diplomats hurried to and fro. Statesmen argued this and that. Soldiers moved their armies to resist attack. The British Prime Minister visited Herr Hitler.

But the greatest of all the diplomats working for peace were—the common people everywhere.

In no country did the common people want war. They formed a splendid solid barrier against it. They said, "No More War." And the leaders of the nations heard them.

In Germany, Herr Hitler learned that there was one power not even a dictator possesses. He could not fill the German people with war enthusiasm.

THE Nazi leaders raged and boasted and held out the glittering prize of easy victory. Very quietly the German people listened. And very quietly they said they wanted peace.

In Russia, the toiling millions went about their labours. In Britain and France, the passionate desire for peace ran through every conversation in bus or factory, it dominated the newspapers, it became the national will.

In Czechoslovakia, the nation's leaders strove for peace, and their people backed them. The average Germans of the Sudetenland lagged behind none in their wish for peace, too.

Nowhere was there war excitement. Nowhere did the crowds cry to be led to victory.

In every nation men went home to their wives and their children in the evening, and together they prayed for peace.

For peace in which to tend the garden. For peace in which to go to the football match. For peace in which to take children for a walk, and show them the beauties of the world and the happiness of life. For peace in which to conquer poverty and abolish cruelty and build finer nations.

And peace there is. It is *your* peace. Keep it so.

The world is not out of the wood to-day. There is a difficult and a dangerous road still to tread. But if the common people of all lands stand by their faith we shall get along it to safety at the end.

How can you follow up your victory over the forces of war? In these ways:

Determine yourself that you will never fall victim to hate and passion. Make up your mind that, however much you may disapprove of what some *Governments* do, you will never begin to hate the *common people* of any land.

Tell any you meet who may speak with anger and resentment of other nations to think less of Governments and more of the peoples.

Tell them—for it's the great Christian truth—that men and women are much the same human beings the world over. Whatever language they speak, whatever flag they salute, whether their names be John or Pierre, Hans or Giovanni or Ivan, they are the same sort of people.

They are made to suffer by the same things, made to rejoice by the same things. They want the same things.

Never by word or deed destroy or weaken the common liking and respect of the common peoples for one another. Who strikes at that, strikes at peace.

Who undermines that, undermines—now that the League of Nations is so weak—the greatest barrier against war that mankind possesses.

Above all, do not let a word be spoken which could suggest to the German people that we wish them any harm, that we wish them anything but the peace and the prosperity we wish for ourselves.

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

Try to stop those little groups which somehow think they are "fighting for peace" by booing Germans who visit these shores, or by clamouring "Clear out the Nazis." It does no good.

It does not make the Germans think that after all there may be something in democratic tolerance. It is embittering. It sows hate.

There is another thing for you to do in your fight for peace.

Despite the great hatred of war among the people, there are always here and there a few who feel that war may be justified and made noble by the great purpose for which it is being fought. They may say: "Through war, and war alone, is it now possible to get justice done."

YOU must answer that blasphemy. You must say:

"It may be that there are circumstances in which war is forced upon a people. But still war is evil, not noble.

"Once it begins, it is kill, kill, kill, hate, hate, hate, lies, lies, lies. And the purpose for which it seemed to begin is forgotten after the first five minutes. After that, it is all out for victory.

"Did we not fight last time to rid the world of the Kaiser? And have we not now in his place a tyrant much more oppressive, a system of government much more brutal?"

Take your stand, too, against the growing idea that we must settle down and organise the whole of our national life as if preparation for war were the one job that mattered.

Precautions we must take. But man is not on this earth to have his life ordered for him by military considerations.

If we live together as a nation, it is that we may have life more abundantly, and the main purpose of community organisation must always be to provide a higher standard of life for the people, to carry on the war against unemployment and hardship and underfeeding and ignorance.

We cannot allow war to call halt to social progress.

There is another lesson we must all learn from the crisis. It is the folly of letting problems drag on and on, getting worse and worse all the time, until suddenly the world awakes to find itself on the brink of disaster, with the whole atmosphere making settlement intensely difficult.

Consider this Czech crisis. At the eleventh hour the Government of Czechoslovakia offered the German-speaking minority rights of self-government that go very far.

IF those rights had been offered not fourteen days ago, but fourteen years ago, then this crisis which has terrified all the world would never have arisen.

If the world could have shown more readiness to get down to the reasonable discussion and removal of grievances long ago, there would not merely have been no crisis. There would have been no Hitler.

In Europe there are many other minorities besides the Germans of Czechoslovakia, and moreover, almost all of them are worse treated than the Germans in Czechoslovakia have been.

There are frontiers which need attention.

Is it not folly to sit idly by waiting for all these problems to become acute before seriously attempting to solve them? Is not the time now, before it is too late?

In all that we do, we must have one long-run objective, and try to reach it as soon as possible. It is to get Europe back to the position and into the state of mind where the League of Nations can be restored to effectiveness.

Without a strong League numbering all the Powers of Europe among its members, the nations can never be sure of peace.

The League is not a Utopian dream, but the plainest common sense.

Its great principles are two. First is that all nations should not merely declare in principle their desire for peace, but should be ready to consider actual steps to make changes peacefully.

Second is that once that rule of reason is firmly established, it will be defended by the collective strength of all.

If the League is now where it is, it is through no fault of those principles, but because the nations were not true to them.

Remember that just as "patriotism is not enough," so "anti-Fascism is not enough."

No "anti" attitude is enough. It can only deliver the world into an era of appalling "religious wars," in which no mercy will be shown and no attempt at mutual understanding will be made.

Peace rests on YOU. You must not fail.

CANDID CARTOONS by Kem

MR DE VALERA (*President of the League of Nations*):—"Half a league—onward!"

MORRISON'S FOLLY

Open Letters

Rt. Hon. W. S MORRISON, M.P.,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Peace or war, we must have food. And we are producing less and less, while you remain smugly and incomprehensibly complacent.

The report you have just issued shows that half a million acres are lying waste in England and Wales.

Our arable area is now the smallest since 1918.

Last year alone, 96,000 acres went out of cultivation.

"We'd look silly if we prepared for something that might never happen," you said once.

You have looked silly for a long time—now, after last week, you look plain crazy.—JOHN BULL.

Lord RUSHCLIFFE,
Chairman, U.A.B.

MY LORD,—Issue regulations to restrain your Means Test zealots.

One inspector, visiting the home of respectable people, picked up an empty milk-jug and put his nose to it. Asked why by the housewife, he said he wanted to see if she had been drinking beer.

What contemptible mentality such little incidents reveal!—JOHN BULL.

The COUNTY COUNCIL,
Yorks West Riding

DEAR SIRS,—Is it your aim to encourage road accidents?

At Rawcliffe, crossing the main road to Goole and Hull docks, is a bridge only 8 ft. high. It is a nightmare to the hundreds of lorry drivers who have to drive beneath it each day.

Scores of people have been hurt, one fatally; recently a racehorse was so badly injured that it had to be destroyed.

Such death-traps exist everywhere. Until you and other authorities cease to day-dream, blood will continue to stain our highways.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. McGURK,
Irish Prisoners' Aid Society

DEAR SIR,—Despite Hitler, we must not forget our own minorities.

There is one in Ulster, you declare, existing under worse conditions than any in Europe.

You allege that men and boys are thrown into jail without being charged, homes are raided several times a night without search warrants, and girls are jailed for wearing emblems.

I have long been uneasy at the special police powers and the restrictions on the liberty of the Press there.

I warn the authorities that unless they restore democracy they will foment discontent and invite disaster.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. AUDREY DUNHAM,
York

MADAM,—Thoughtless and neglectful, you are also lucky.

Leaving your year-old baby alone, you went out at eight p.m. and did not return till nearly midnight, to find that the child had fallen out of bed.

Fined £5, you have narrowly missed going to jail.

Also in York, not long ago, two young children were found sleeping in a house that had caught fire and was full of smoke.

That might have happened to your child. Remember it in future.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. T. LENNOX-BOYD, M.P.,
Parliamentary Sec., Ministry of Labour

DEAR SIR,—It is usual for 'bus companies to give would-be conductors a week's trial. These men receive no wages because they do not actually work, but merely accompany the regular conductors.

But they are also refused the "dole," though the employment exchanges which send them out to the jobs know quite well that their trial is wageless.

This is so obviously unfair that I expect you to remedy it without delay.—JOHN BULL.

Sir LAWRENCE CHUBB,
Rights-of-Way Champion

DEAR SIR LAWRENCE,—We all know how footpaths are being illegally closed, commons filched, foreshores barred.

In a rather different category is the closing of a slipway which has been used by Plymouth fishermen since time immemorial. This action will cause considerable hardship; already two thousand signatures have been obtained for a protest petition.

Is this not another case in which you might use your powerful influence?—JOHN BULL.

Dr. JOHN W. MILLER,
M.O.H. for Lewisham

DEAR DOCTOR,—It's modest of you to take no credit for the fact that Lewisham is shown to be the healthiest of London's boroughs.

I know how admirably you have organised the public health services. But Lewisham is also lucky in having practically no poverty and a healthy situation.

Clearly it's easy to live long. All you have to do is to be well-off and live on a hill top.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. G. C. ESTHER,
National Union of County Officers

DEAR SIR,—Conditions are so abominable in many northern institutions that officers wish they were inmates and inmates thank Heaven they are not officers.

Who can marvel? You tell of many disgraces. Bad food. Damp living quarters. Men working seventy-six hours a week. Foster-mothers on duty 166 hours a fortnight!

Complaints I receive suggest that these evils are not confined to your area. Now your union seeks a charter giving a 48-hour week, fortnight's annual holiday, better living conditions. Accept no compromise!—JOHN BULL.

Telegrams

Professor J. M. KEYNES: Criminal to let much of our industrial resources lie idle, you say. Yes, use them and banish unemployment!—JOHN BULL.

Sir H. PAGE CROFT, M.P.: Canada may be crying out for British settlers. But will she give guarantees against repetitions of emigration scandals I have exposed.—JOHN BULL.

Dr. ALAN MABERLY: Don't believe wireless is making us less sociable. Think of ill-temper, due to boredom, it prevents.—JOHN BULL.

Tragedy of Joyce Saunders

Firemen fighting the flames that wrecked Joyce Saunders' home

JUST three weeks ago fourteen-year-old Joyce Sanders went to 396, Hertford Road, Lower Edmonton, to spend Sunday with her grandmother.

Although people have always said of these two that they are hardly ever out of each other's company, something had happened to give special interest to that visit.

The snaps had arrived.

There they were, in grandma's hand, a complete record of a happy holiday ended only a few days before.

There was Dad and Mum beaming at each other on the sea-front—and beaming for adequate reason, seeing that they never had a quarrel in their lives.

And grandmother, who has always been too jolly to be left out of any family outing, with her hair, just as black as Joyce's, blowing in the breeze like a schoolgirl's.

AND brother Derek, aged nine. Grandma summed him up when she said it made him look "just the young rascal that he is."

Everybody but brother Roy, aged seventeen. Newly embarked on an engineering career, he could no longer get his holidays to fit in with the family's.

But no, not even Roy was left out. Grandma had got a picture of him taken on *his* holiday. And there he was on the beach, a six-foot, twelve-and-a-half-stoner, as his father was fond of describing him.

And there was the family group, of course, taken in front of the gangway of the liner *Queen Mary*.

Joyce was missing from that. But somebody had to take the picture, after all.

That was how Sunday, September 4, was passing in that Edmonton home when news was brought—news that was as dreadful as if it announced the end of the world.

An airman had come hurtling out of the sky. He had tried to wave people into safety.

Then his machine had struck a house, bounced, struck the pavement, bounced again, piled up against another house and burst into flames.

And that second home—ten minutes' walk away from grandma's, where the holiday snaps were holding her entranced—was Joyce's.

Dad, who was apparently carving for dinner as his wife and two sons took their places at the table, had rushed to the front door and opened it the second before the machine caught fire.

Soaked in petrol, he had dashed across the street to die in agony on the other side.

Roy — "six-foot, twelve-and-a-half-stoner Roy"—had apparently tried to follow his father, and had been killed by the first gush of flame through the open door.

MUM had gathered little rascal Derek in her arms and managed somehow to struggle upstairs with him.

They were found dead under her bed, her arms still round the baby of the family.

And Joyce—what of Joyce?

Sole survivor of one of the happiest families in Edmonton, she cannot yet realise the full truth of the tragedy.

Most of the time she is in a merciful coma. But sometimes understanding dawns. Then she gives way to fits of weeping.

Fourteen-year-old Joyce Saunders, orphaned by the Edmonton air crash. Her father, mother and two brothers were killed

All the time, however, she remembers Dad's promises to her—promises that Dad was going to see were kept.

She would go to "high grade" until she was sixteen. Then, if she still wanted to become a secretary—and she wants that so very much indeed—she could have an extra year at a secretarial school.

DAD promised—but now Dad has gone. And Mum. And Derek and Roy, too.

But already she has been told by her uncle, Mr. E. J. Wicks, that JOHN BULL has seen to it that he will be able to carry out those promises.

We are happy to announce that we have come to Joyce's aid with a cheque for £500, which represents one of the many exclusive and unparalleled benefits provided under JOHN BULL'S Free Family Insurance Gift.

Mr. Wicks will act as trustee, and, although the final details have yet to be arranged, the sum will be left intact until Joyce comes of age.

Meanwhile, the interest will give Joyce her own little private income.

Not a big one, perhaps, but enough, as her uncle says, to bring Joyce's dream of a secretarial post nearer to reality.

Her father had been not merely a JOHN BULL reader, but a JOHN BULL enthusiast for many years.

There is no one more happy than we to think that he signed the coupon which we publish every week (and which appears on page 33 of this issue) and so, with a few strokes of the pen and at no cost to himself, made life so much more secure for his orphaned child.

To meet Joyce to-day, as she has been left by the tragedy, is to understand how necessary is this help.

She has gone to live permanently with her grandparents in the house which she was visiting on the day of the crash.

Everything those fine, hard-working people can call their own is hers, too. But they also have been hard hit—in pocket as well as heart.

Mrs. Wicks, the grandmother, collapsed as soon as she heard the fate of her daughter, son-in-law, and their sons. She has never left her bed since.

She insisted on having every shred of paper from the ruined house brought to her bed—every receipt, every letter, every picture, every bill.

Dumbly she reaches out and puts them in a handbag which she keeps on the bed.

For the pride of this very proud family is that no bill has ever gone unpaid.

In putting a fresh lot of papers away the other day she found a holiday photograph. She took one look at it—and collapsed.

Since then the doctor has been fighting to save her life.

If she had been a frail or nervous woman, her doctor says, she might have found a safety-valve in tears.

Instead, she has tried to hide her distress from Joyce, who hardly ever leaves her side.

"I am going to stick to grannie," says Joyce. "I will never leave her now." She is always saying that.

JOYCE carries about with her, in a little parcel, the many letters of sympathy she has received.

She clings to them as though they are making up in some way for everything she has lost.

"I've got one from the pilot's mother," she says. "She asks me to always remember that her boy tried to do his duty. I'll remember."

Scores of the letters offer her free holidays, a rest in quiet country homes.

Such offers come from one of the best-known High Sheriffs in the country and from rich and poor people alike.

She has a boxful of presents—beads, hand-made lace and the like—most of which have been sent anonymously.

Meanwhile, her grandfather and uncles, remembering that theirs is the duty to assure her future, work for her unceasingly.

As far as can be seen, there isn't going to be a lot of money for those left to mourn their dead.

THE third-party insurance covering the aeroplane and its pilot is understood to yield £25,000. But twelve people were killed, nearly seventy injured, three houses destroyed, and it may be that other houses may have to be demolished.

That money won't go far.

The Mayor's Fund accumulates very slowly.

And the Air Ministry has shown no sign, yet, of making an ex-gratia payment—which is its duty.

One can imagine how grateful the family is for the speedy assistance of JOHN BULL'S free insurance gift.

Write to "John Bull" About it

Stanley Bishop,

"John Bull's" ace crime reporter, was set the task of finding out just what crime costs the nation.

Here he reveals startling facts andfigures.

CRIME Costs A MILLION A WEEK!

- *The average burglar gets only 1s. 6d. of every pound he steals*
- *Every stolen car costs the police £103*
- *Shorthand notes at trials run up a £4,000 bill*
- *Men convicts cost £3 a week to keep, women £3 6s.*

SIX HUNDRED THOUSAND men and women in Britain are potential criminals.

At least, from the police point of view.

Fortunately, not all of them are active. Most have long periods of lying-low. Many, apparently, have reformed. Others are in prison.

But that 600,000 is the total of all those who have been convicted in recent years on criminal charges.

Their dossiers and finger-prints are in the police files.

And every day an average of 573 searches are made through those dossiers. Which means that somewhere in the country 573 new crimes are keeping detectives busy.

During the past year there were—according to records—more than 32,000 recruits to crime, while the number of people known to have committed some criminal offence was 56,000.

£52,000,000

Those 56,000 were the active criminals of the year. And the daily average number of them in prison was 11,000.

From time to time Home Office experts try to find out just how much these criminals cost the nation.

It is a difficult task and the figure can only be approximate—but, for all that, it is a startling figure.

For crime costs the State, and therefore every taxpayer, at least £1,000,000 a week.

Of course, all that is not *direct cost.*

In the estimate allowance is made for the losses which arise through crime—such items as the dislocation of trade and damage to property.

Let's examine the balance-sheet of crime.

On the direct cost side, there is first the national expenditure on police and the administration of justice.

The police of England and Scotland—from Scotland Yard to the smallest borough force—cost £26,000,000 a year.

Not all that budget can be written off against the prevention and detection of crime. But those two branches of police work account for at least £18,000,000 of our money.

Big Bills

For even comparatively minor crimes can run up big bills.

Every stolen motor-car costs the police £103, although in many cases the car is worth less than £40.

The money is eaten up principally by the circulation of messages to notify the theft and calling off the search if the car is found.

A small housebreaking job in which the gas meter is rifled will mean perhaps a charge of £45 against police funds for enquiries and men's time.

At the other end of the scale, a prolonged murder hunt, or involved investigation of financial frauds, will cost thousands of pounds.

So much for the detection of crime.

What does it cost to mete out justice on the offenders?

That is a bill shared between national and local funds.

In London the police courts cost more than £130,000 a year in salaries and general expenses. The London stipendiary magistrates receive between them £54,000.

For police courts in provincial towns and country districts the total annual charges are about £800,000.

Assizes, to which the most serious offenders are sent for trial, are comparatively low down on the expenditure list.

Travelling expenses and allowances to Judges of the High Court who go on circuit, Clerks of Assize and other officials bring bills to the Home Office for £26,000.

Judges' lodgings account for another £25,000, and there is also part of the judges' salaries to be offset against assize work—an item of £20,000.

An interesting, but tiny, item which swells the general statement is £4,000—for the taking of shorthand notes at trials.

The cost of the department of the Director of Public Prosecutions is £48,000. That, of course, is only a small part of the costs of criminal prosecutions. The bulk are met from county and borough rates.

Prisoners who appeal against their conviction or sentence add a further £12,000 to the debit of crime.

And so, still following the public's money, we travel along the chain of crime detection, through the machinery of justice, to the final punishment—in the cells.

English prisons cost £1,330,000 a year, and Scottish £260,000, while Broadmoor, the criminal mental hospital, means an extra £78,000.

To keep a long-term prisoner in a convict establishment costs an average of £120 3s. 4d. per head per year.

Women prisoners are a little more expensive. They cost £174 2s. 1d. per head.

No official return is made as to the cost of executions. It is a Home Office secret.

Third Class

But, actually, a hanging costs about £60, which includes the fee and travelling expenses of the executioner and assistant.

Less than fifty years ago the executioner was allowed to keep the rope as a perquisite and sell it if he wished. Not so now.

Executioners are only allowed third-class travelling expenses, and are lodged in the prison on the night before an execution—not at a local tavern, which was the old practice.

And now, just how much of that £52,000,000-a-year crime bill goes into the pockets of the underworld?

Really, very little.

Goods stolen in London last year were valued at £1,177,000, and of this £295,000 worth was recovered.

In the twelve largest provincial cities the value of stolen goods—less the amount regained—was approximately £320,000.

And those figures are always fluctuating. They are up one year, down the next.

Cracksmen

It depends on what class of crime—housebreaking, burglary, safe-cracking, forgery—is most fashionable.

At present burglary and housebreaking are on the increase. So is safe-breaking.

The proceeds from safe robberies have risen by more than £11,000 within twelve months, for the cracksmen of Birmingham, Sheffield and Glasgow—reckoned the most skilful in the country—have been joined by a dangerous London gang.

But with burglary and housebreaking the return to the thief is infinitesimal compared with the amount of property stolen. The damage they do far exceeds the value of the loot.

The average burglar rarely gets more than 1s. 6d. out of every pound's worth of goods he steals. And that includes jewellery.

The profits on other forms of crime are subject to even more startling "booms" and "slumps."

Two years ago confidence tricksters in London netted £12,764.

Last year the reward of their efforts, because of the special Coronation precautions, was only £1,030.

But this year again hauls made by these sharks are expected to total well over £12,000.

There is practically no confidence trick business outside London and some of the more fashionable seaside resorts.

Cheque forgery is a crime which is definitely on the wane—at the moment.

London's losses in this direction were only £345 last year.

You see, all the best cheque forgers have been caught.

She Wrote to "John Bull" . .

THREE months ago Mrs. R. Jones, of St. Leonard's Road, Hythe, Kent, and her two children became destitute because the Ministry of Labour refused to pay them their share of her husband's unemployment benefit.

He had gone to Bolton, Lancs, to look for work.

At the employment exchange in that town he drew 16s. for his wife and family.

It took every penny of his own allowance to pay for lodgings.

So, from the 16s., he kept back a shilling to send the family's portion to Hythe—to cover the cost of money-order, registered post and stamps.

It was an offence, the authorities said, for Mr. Jones to have deducted anything for any purpose from the amount he received to remit home.

They punished him by deciding to deprive his wife and children of their share of his weekly unemployment pay.

The family was soon in distress . . . light cut off . . . eviction threatened . . . hungry.

* * *

For three months the Ministry of Labour allowed this to go on. Then JOHN BULL challenged them.

Now the harsh decision is reversed. Full allowances have been restored to Mrs. Jones and her babies and the months of arrears paid to them.

Mr. Neville Chamberlain smiled confidently as he left to see Hitler

LET US BE CLEAR ON WHAT IS AT STAKE

says A. G. Gardiner

THE summoning of Parliament, following upon the dramatic visit of Mr. Chamberlain to Herr Hitler, brings the crisis that confronts Europe and the world to its climax.

That the issue may be peace we all pray. That Parliament and the Government may be wisely guided in this great emergency is the feeling in every heart.

Never was this nation more united, more completely at one. All our differences have vanished before the dread menace that overhangs humanity, and whatever the outcome of these fateful hours with a single mind and with a high and undoubting courage.

Let us be clear in our minds on what is at stake.

Vital Pawn

It is not whether Czechoslovakia shall remain free and independent. It is whether violence is to govern the world. It is whether law or force is to rule the affairs of men.

Incidentally, it is whether the British Empire is to survive or perish. For nothing is more certain than that if the full programme of the militant Powers is achieved, there will be no future for the confederation of free nations linked together under the British Crown.

Rightly seen, Czechoslovakia is only a pawn in the vastest game of power politics ever conceived since Napoleon bestrode Europe.

But it is a vital pawn. It holds the key position.

If it goes, the most formidable obstacle to Germany's domination of South-Eastern Europe will be swept away.

Hitler's word will be law from the Baltic to the Black Sea and the Ægean. His victory here will settle the fate of the Balkans. Rumania, Hungary and the rest will fall helpless under his sway.

They will not need to be conquered. They will have no choice but to become the instruments of his larger designs. They are essential to those designs—Rumania especially.

For one of the most serious material handicaps of Germany—and she has many—is the lack of motor fuel. With all her attempts at self-sufficiency, she has only 60 per cent. of her peace needs. For her vast war needs she has only 30 per cent.

Nazi Dreams

She must have control of the Rumanian oilfields if she is to accomplish her gigantic dreams.

And Czechoslovakia blocks the way.

It is these facts, and not the grievances of the German minority, that explain the vast conspiracy against Czechoslovakia which has now come to full flower.

Nearly two years ago I wrote an article in these columns predicting that after Spain would come Austria; after Austria would come Czechoslovakia.

Each was a move on Germany's chessboard. It was with these moves in view that, having repudiated the League of Nations, Hitler turned Germany into a mighty arsenal with which to overawe the sleeping Powers.

It was with these moves in view that he linked up with Mussolini to keep us and France alarmed about the Mediterranean.

It was with these moves in view that he made terms with Japan, which was filling us with anxieties in the Far East.

The Cockpit

It was when, suddenly, in a night, he gobbled up Austria, fearful lest the plebiscite which Schuschnigg had announced should show the world that the people of Austria stood for independence, that the sleeping Powers awoke to the full menace of his design.

Now that menace is open and declared. Czechoslovakia is the cockpit of Europe's liberties.

If Hitler wins here these liberties are doomed. If he is held up here, they will be saved.

Do not let us be deceived by the talk about minority grievances. What have minorities to hope for from Herr Hitler?

Never since Europe became civilised has the world been shocked by such terrors as those inflicted on the unhappy minorities who have fallen under the heel of the fierce racialism that now possesses Germany.

Wherever that ruthlessness holds sway minorities are herded in concentration camps, tortured and maltreated, or, stripped of all their possessions, fleeing for life to whatever land will give them an asylum.

It is not the removal of minority grievances that Germany seeks. It is the break-up of the Czechoslovak State. It is the sweeping away of the one people who are the immediate obstacle to the policy of force by which she hopes to establish her military empire over the Continent.

Hitherto the struggle for freedom against the aggressive Powers has been left to the weak and defenceless victims of those Powers.

The Spaniards, the Austrians, the Chinese and the Abyssinians have been and are in a very real sense fighting the battle of civilisation against the power of the sword.

But with the attack on Czechoslovakia the conflict between might and right for world domination can no longer be evaded by those who should be the guardians of peace and civilised life.

So far the War Powers have exploited the anxiety of the Peace Powers to avoid a general conflagration. We must respect that anxiety.

No price—except one—would be too high to preserve mankind from a repetition of the shambles of 1914-18.

But in yielding to the pressure of the militant dictators, we have not lessened the likelihood of war. We have only made war ultimately more certain.

Cry Halt!

We have encouraged them to believe that they have only to go full steam ahead in order to reach their goal.

With every surrender to their argument of force they press on to new victories, and if a halt is not called they will have so established their power that when resistance comes, as it will come, it may come too late.

If peace is to be saved, the halt must be called now. The threat of violence must be met on its own terms.

Since the aggressors will not listen to reason, they must be confronted with the only language they understand or respect—the language of force.

We hate that language, but that does not mean that we cannot use it when all that makes life on this planet worth living is threatened with destruction.

Marshal Goering, in his boastful speech at Nuremberg, gloried in the fact that while the democratic Powers were working for peace, Germany had got a flying start in the race for war.

We need not compete with the bully in his boasting. But Germany has made a mistake once and may make it again.

If the worst comes to the worst, I think she will make it again. And for very plain reasons.

The issue before the world is much clearer to-day than it was in 1914. We were divided then. Our ranks are closed and solid now—witness the attitude of Labour.

Not this country only, but every free country, knows that its fate is in the balance and looks to Britain and France to save it from falling under the heel of the bully.

Dark Hour

Nor is this all. Germany, if she gambles at all, will gamble on a short war and a swift decision. That was what Japan gambled on in China. That was what Mussolini and Hitler gambled on in Spain.

But the Spanish war is in its third year and Japan's war is in its second. And the end of neither is in sight.

Does Goering think that Britain and France and Russia, which are not unarmed, will collapse more easily than China and Spain?

Whatever else he is, he is not such a fool as that.

Does he think that Italy, which let down Germany in 1914, is a more stable ally to-day? Again, he is not a fool.

Let us seek peace in this dark hour with all our might. But let us make it clear that we do not seek it because we fear the issue of war.

Peace preserved by surrendering to threats of force is no peace. It only invites new aggressions and makes war inevitable.

Stand Firm

If Germany will cease to rattle her sword and enter into peaceful negotiations for the solution of whatever just grievances she may have, let us go to the extreme in meeting her claims.

But there must be no more yielding to threats of violence. And whatever concessions are made in Czechoslovakia must be made because they are just, and must be consistent with the full independence of that country.

Everybody's Best Friend

JOHN BULL has been recognised for its frank, fearless views and outspokenness, and typical of this is the new Presentation announced in the centre pages of this issue.

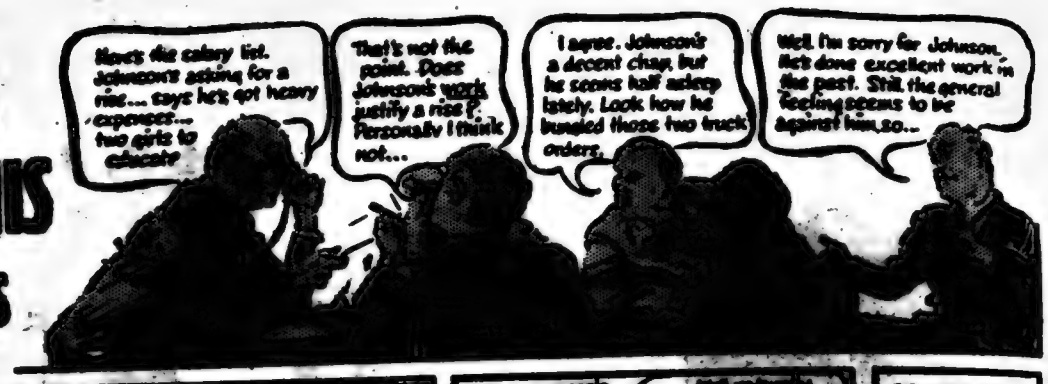
It is the greatest personal service ever rendered by a journal to its readers; an entirely new idea which lives up to its title, "Everybody's Best Friend."

In its 640 pages and nearly 300,000 words this amazing work sets out more than 1,000 real-life problems of men and women, and gives the answer to each in unmistakable terms. Those problems have been specially selected to cover the whole field of human difficulties, to be examples for your guidance.

* * *

You would consider "Everybody's Best Friend" wonderful value at £1 1s. As a reader of JOHN BULL you can secure this frank book for a low privilege price. There will be a record demand, so turn at once to the centre pages and complete and post the Reservation Forms to-day.

MANY A MAN IS DISCUSSED LIKE THIS by his employers


Here's the salary list. Johnson's asking for a rise... says he's got heavy expenses... two girls to educate
That's not the point. Does Johnson's work justify a rise? Personally I think not...
I agree. Johnson's a decent chap, but he seems half asleep lately. Look how he bungled those two truck orders.
Well, I'm sorry for Johnson. He's done excellent work in the past. Still, the general feeling seems to be against him, so...

THAT EVENING
But all the girls are going to camp, Daddy! Why can't we go? It won't cost much...
Can't promise now, children. We'll see about it later— I'm tired now
A LITTLE LATER
THINKS: POOR KIDS— I HATE TO DISAPPOINT THEM, BUT WHAT CAN I DO? NO RISE THIS YEAR... ANYTHING MAY HAPPEN IF I DON'T FULL MYSELF TOGETHER... CHANCE ONE THIS EVERLASTING TIREDNESS
THINKS: IT BREAKS MY HEART TO SEE HIM SLUMPED DOWN LIKE THIS EVENING AFTER EVENING. I'M SURE THIS TIREDNESS OF HIS IS AT THE BOTTOM OF EVERYTHING. IF ONLY HE'D SEE A DOCTOR
AT THE DOCTOR'S
It's like a dead weight pulling on me all the time doctor. I even wake tired—
Well naturally Mr. Johnson— that always happens with Night Starvation. You see, even at night you go on using up energy in breathing, heartbeats and other automatic actions. Unless energy is replaced during sleep you're bound to wake tired, feel unequal to your work. I advise Horlicks
SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT— AND WHAT A WONDERFUL CHANGE IN JOHNSON

TWO MONTHS LATER
Is that Mrs. Johnson? Darling, I must tell you— I've just been lunching with the boss, and he said some pretty nice things! Shouldn't be surprised if I'm put in charge of the London office!

DOES YOUR HUSBAND WAKE TIRED, FEEL RUN-DOWN, WORRIED ABOUT HIS JOB?

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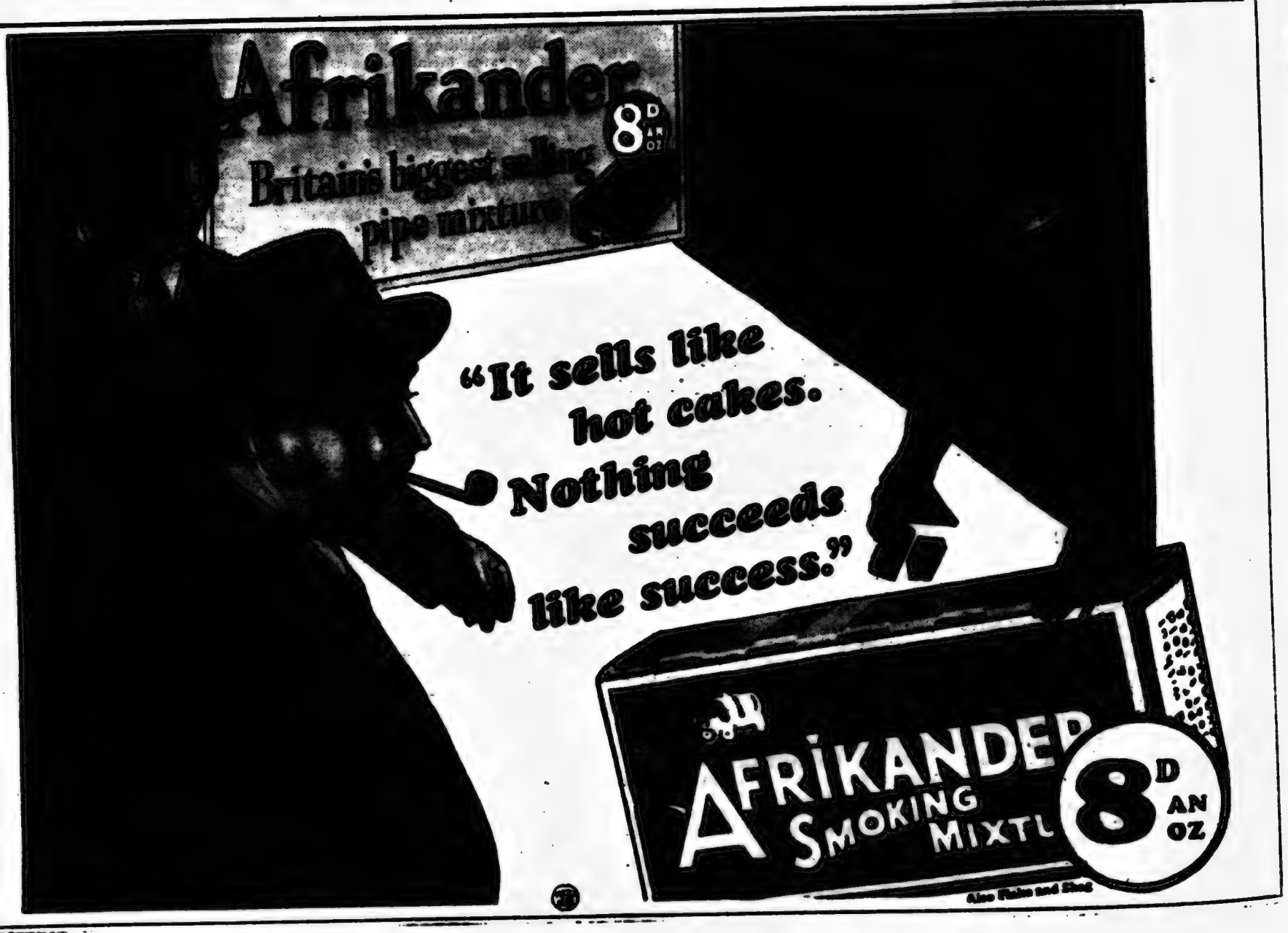

Sir Wyndham Childs' Dossier

Ten-Million Treasure Hunt Unmasked

Captain Stratford Jolly, explorer, took part in one expedition to Costa Rica. He would be the first to condemn hare-brained treasure hunts

A TREASURE-HUNT bubble, fostered by Charles Arthur, has now blossomed out into an impudent, full-dress appeal for money.

Mineral Mining Development Syndicate is the cross-bones flag that has been unfurled from an office at 502, Edgware Road, London, W.C.

The promoters have the cheek to ask people to subscribe to an expedition to Costa Rica, where, it is claimed, treasure worth £10,000,000 awaits discovery.

When I dealt with the first moves in the ramp a few weeks ago, Charles Arthur was stressing that the undertaking would be a strictly private one.

"Those who desire to contribute," he said, "must do so on the clear understanding that it will be a personal matter between them and me."

Now, what are called "option certificates" are being offered at five shillings each.

Charles Arthur is also now known as Captain MacFarlane Arthur.

Actually, his Army rank was taken from him in 1926.

A notice in the *London Gazette* stated: Captain Charles William Augustus Arthur, late R.G.A., having been convicted by the Civil Power, is removed from the Army, his Majesty having no further occasion for his services.

Whatever he chooses to call himself, he will always be known as "Capt." Arthur of the Cocos Island treasure spoof.

More than £75,000 has already gone up in smoke in these ventures.

Yet he comes back for more money with the tale that the last expedition went to the wrong island!

"Hurricane"

This time, he says, new clues he has secured leave no doubts about where the treasure is hidden, and that those who go in with him will receive £200 for every pound invested.

A mysterious pair, M. —— and C.——, supposed to be descendants of two members of the crew on the ship which took the gold and other valuables to the island, have provided the map.

I need scarcely add the trove was secreted there by a deposed president of Peru. It usually is!

And, of course, the ship was caught in a hurricane and wrecked on the return journey, the father and uncle of M.—— and C.—— being the only two saved.

That isn't all.

SPECIAL EXPOSURE

Buccaneering Arthur says he has a second string in his search.

This is another hoard of gold and precious stones thrown into Lake Guatavita—that's in South America, too—to save them from Spanish invaders.

A wonderful story is woven round the whole affair. It would be welcomed by any fiction writer.

If it remained in that sphere no one would worry much about this man Arthur.

But, since he puts it forward as sterling fact on which people are expected to speculate their savings, it will be as well to recall some of the incidents in his life which are not fiction.

He first had wonderful clues to the hidden riches of the Cocos Islands in 1931.

The expedition was financed by a syndicate, and "Captain" Arthur and his merry lads set sail in the yacht *Western Queen*.

After a time the money, subscribed by people who had been promised fortunes, ran out and the explorers were stranded at Puntarenas. They managed to work their way home.

In 1934 another trip was made. This was a much more ambitious expedition controlled by the Spanish Main Exploration, Ltd.

More money, with the adventuring Arthur in command of the treasure-seekers.

They set out in a yacht named *Queen of Scots*, and hoped to return with treasure worth at least £10,000,000.

£12,000 Loss

Instead, they limped home, after a very rough time, without so much as a speck of gold.

The Costa Rica Government merely regarded the searchers as trespassers, and sent fifty policemen to arrest them on the island where they landed.

Later they were expelled, the gear was confiscated, and the great treasure hunt ended in the loss of another £12,000.

The ashes of this disastrous venture were barely cold when still another expedition was planned.

The company formed to carry it out was named Treasure Recovery, Ltd., with nominal capital of £57,000.

"Captain" Arthur was again on the bridge, but investors this time were intrigued with the most wonderful story of all.

It was told by a Belgian, P. A. Bergmens.

He and a man named Petersen, he said, were on a voyage to San Diego in 1929. They were the only two saved when the ship foundered in a storm.

They were washed up on one of the Cocos Islands. Their clothes in tatters, they wandered about looking for food.

Suddenly they came to a cave piled to the roof with gold, silver, jewels and precious ornaments.

After filling a sack with as much as they could carry, they managed to signal a passing German steamer, which took them to New York.

With the help of the captain they smuggled their valuable sack ashore, got in touch with a jewel broker, and sold the contents for £12,000.

Later an American millionaire put up money for Bergmens to return to the Aladdin's cave.

Before they reached the island he discovered that his backer's men intended to kill him as soon as he had shown them where the treasure was.

So he pretended he had lost his memory.

He was, he said, violently assaulted, taken to a hospital at the next port, and eventually found his way to "Captain" Arthur's offices in Westminster, London!

So Bergmens was signed on, more money was raised by Treasure Recovery, Ltd., and once more an expedition headed by Arthur went off, this time in the yacht *Veracity*, from Lowestoft.

The Belgian was to receive 10 per cent. and all expenses for leading them to hidden riches.

On arrival at the island, however, his memory seemed to go again. All he did was to point vaguely and stupidly to a place on the beach.

Again the sorry retreat home. Some of the crew were returned from Puntarenas as distressed British seamen.

Incredible, but two years later certain directors of the company sent Bergmens out again.

Arthur sailed independently on the same boat.

Bergmens left the ship at Kingston, Jamaica, and Arthur, after staying a few days at one of the Cocos Islands hotels, returned to England.

Treasure Recovery, Ltd., was wound up with liabilities of £52,000, and it is to-day still in the process of liquidation.

"Captain" Charles Arthur

Apart from this exploration nonsense, Arthur has long been associated with dubious financiers.

Once he was appointed "Route Director" in the Bahamas Trust, Ltd., formed to supply liquor to the United States in prohibition days.

Stanley Tanfield, prince of sharepushers, recently sent to jail for seven years, was behind this concern. Investors lost more than £230,000.

In another venture called Venus Trust he was directing the sale of speculative shares.

Two men associated with Arthur in this new treasure - hunt for which money is being sought are Captain C. G. Grice Hutchinson and Major Sydney P. V. Phillips.

I know nothing against Captain Grice Hutchinson, but I have an interesting file about Major Phillips.

He was running a wild cat £20,000 snowball scheme called the Farm and Road Engineering Co., Ltd., in 1932.

I criticised it very strongly, and, at the instance of the Director of Public Prosecutions, Major Phillips was fined for running a lottery.

Disgraceful

The yacht *St. Helens*, in which it is stated the new trip is to be made, was supposed to have sailed last month, but it is still lying in the East India Dock, London.

Work was to have been started on the island—it is always referred to vaguely as "the island"—not later than this month.

So, with one thing and another, the arrangements seem to have been considerably delayed.

It would be a good thing if *St. Helens* never left the East India Dock—at all events on this preposterous treasure-hunt.

Many people feel it is high time that official action was taken to put a stop to the whole racket.

Those who invest their money in it are, of course, very largely to blame for the loss they suffer, but it is none the less disgraceful that bluffers like Arthur should be allowed to go on from one ramp to another.

Write to "John Bull" About it

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A GREAT Guide to Careers—FREE. The School's 136-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce, Industry, Accountancy, Secretaryship, and the Public Services. — Write to-day.—THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY, 369, Lyon House, London, W.C.2.

BUILDING TRADE EMPLOYERS who desire a position as Clerk of Works, or to pass City and Guilds or other Examinations, should apply to the I.C.S. Advisory Dept. for full information, free and without obligation.—Write to International Correspondence Schools, Dept. 99, Kingsway, London.

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YOUNG Men physically fit should join the police. Study at home in your spare time. Special courses for Entrance and Promotion. Full particulars or advice about other careers, Commercial, Technical or Civil Service, FREE. Dept. A.38,
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DRAUGHTSMEN. Numerous vacancies available in Electrical, Mechanical, Structural and other Branches of Engineering Building, G.P.O., etc., for men age 19-45. Exp. unnecessary if willing to learn. Details of openings, salaries, etc., FREE from B.I.E. (Dept. 362), Staple Inn Buildings, London, W.C.1.

MEN who can handle tools "Wood or Metal" wanted at TEACHING OF HANDICRAFTS in the Boys' Day Schools. Our Correspondence Course will fit you for an appointment. Advice on all Careers FREE. Dept. E.38,
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POLICE RECRUITS' HANDBOOK for 1938 (FREE). Contains information on pay, prospects and entrance requirements for all Forces. Prospective recruits (aged 19-23) should apply for free copy to B.T.I. (Dept. 662), 356, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

SALES VACANCIES.—Every year 4,000 new men are required. You can qualify by interesting home study. We receive introductions to SALARIED POSITIONS. Send to-day for Free book, "Salesmanship," to Dept. 19A, Wallace Attwood College, Ltd., Knights House, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

TELEVISION, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY, there are lots of vacancies. Our Postal Courses will make you eligible; advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38,
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PRINTING.—Menus, Cards, Dup. Books, Memos, Billheads, Circulars, Folders, etc. Reasonable Prices. Sample, 2d.—Mead (28), Sandy, Beds.

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

NEW season Rug Guide now ready. Write now for your free copy and samples Rug and Knit Wools. Black 2-ply 10½d. lb., Colours from 1.6½. Cheviot 5½d., Tweeds 1/3, Knit Sports 2d., Silky 3½d., Boucle 2½d., Fleetnit 2½d., Knop 3½d., Ripple Crepe 3d., etc.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-Tyne.

WALLPAPER SALE. Bargain Pattern Books Post Free. Britain's Best Value.—J. B. Bruce & Hall, Frederick St., South Shields.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills. 250 Patterns post free.—GEORGE MILLS, Dept. 5, Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

ADVICE TO EXPECTANT MOTHERS. — Let Mrs. Howard give you her expert advice on dressing the modern baby. See her advertisement, page 2. Home-made. 73-piece Layette for only 39/-. Also choicest quality, 42/-.

GARDENING.

PORTABLE BUILDING CONSTRUCTION REVOLUTIONISED!! Sheds, Garages, Greenhouses, etc., now available made from genuine Western Red Cedar, the everlasting wood which defies rot, will not warp, crack or shrink and has a beautiful appearance. Prices are as low as 27s. 6d. and all models are available on easy terms from 2/- down. FREE DELIVERY ALL SIZES. Send at once for FREE Illustrated Catalogue to: R. H. Hall & Co. (Kent), Ltd., 29, Paddock Wood, Kent.

"GARDENING" AUTUMN PLANNING NUMBER. Get this new-style pocket magazine and plan NOW to make your garden a riot of colour in Spring and Summer. There is so much to be done, beds to prepare, plants to protect, paths to make. . . . "Gardening" shows you exactly what to do for best results. There are 27 articles and 68 illustrations in the September number—100 pages for 6d., on sale everywhere.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No hurtful pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (820 W.), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

COLDS & Headaches successfully treated by Cephos, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c. for FREE Sample.—CEPHOS, LTD. (Dept. 39), BLACKBURN.

SIMPKINS Fruitlax Ends Constipation. This laxative ensures natural, regular, painless bowel movement. NO phenolphthalein. From Chemists everywhere, or send 4d. for generous sample.—Simpkins, Barley Sugar Works, Sheffield, 6.

STOMACH TROUBLES, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, relieved by herbal science. Norths Herbis Stomach Powder has definitely conquered Indigestion. Do not dread meal times. Send for this remedy now. Prices 1/3 and 3/- (plus 3d. and 9d. post). Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh. Norths Kanadian Pyne Pills remove mucus and allow healing to take place. Relieves difficult breathing. A wonderful remedy. Price 1/3 and 3/-, plus 1½d. and 2d. postage. Obtainable from Norths Dispensaries (Dept. 4), 15, Whitehouses, Mytholmroyd, Yorkshire.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the New Flyweight Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured. Booklet free.—Write or Call, Blundens, Dept. 1220, 9, Oxford St., W.1.

IF YOU are run-down, suffer from colds, chills, etc., fill in the coupon in the large display advertisement on this page

A SPENCER Maternity Belt is individually designed for the wearer to relieve Back-Strain and Headaches, etc. Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt.—Write, mentioning John Bull, to Spencer Corsets, Ltd., 44, Britannia Rd., Banbury, Oxon. for Maternity Booklet and name of nearest local Corsetiere. See p. 26.

MISCELLANEOUS

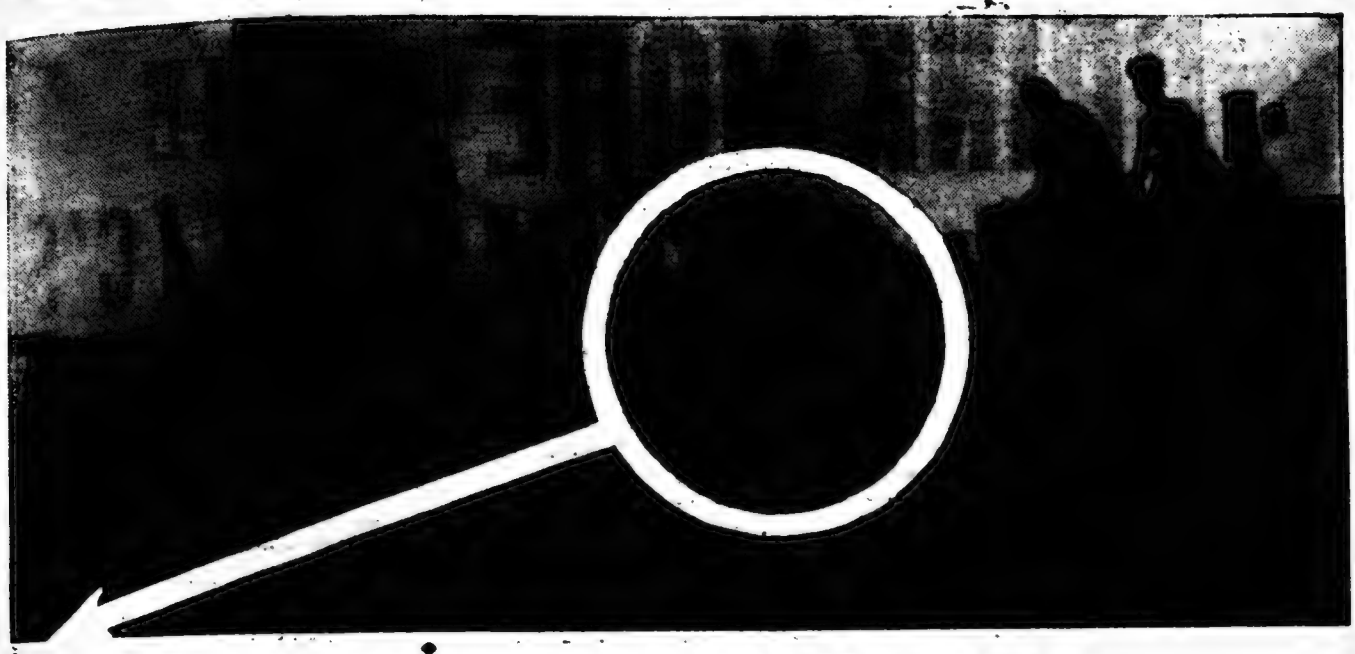
HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd (J.B.1), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

A SAMPLE tube of Euthymol Toothpaste will be sent to all readers who write to Dept. 67/100, Euthymol, 80, Beak St., London, W.1. See p. 32.

FREE Exercise Chart. Send 1d. stp. for postage to Fyvmen, Ltd. (Dept. JB 1), Brentford, Middx.

FREE.—Send for a sample of Hindes Hair Tint, stating shade required, to Hindes, Ltd., 6, Ct. Queen Street, London, W.C.2, and enclose 2d. for postage. See page 27.

FREE!—Send a p.c. to Odol (Dept. J.B.261), Norwich, and a free trial sample of this famous dentifrice will be sent to you by return. See p. 23.



THE man you see in this picture being rescued from a burning house at Chelmsford died without regaining consciousness.

Another man, burned beyond recognition, was found dead in the charred building after the fire had been put out.

Could they have been saved?

Residents of Chelmsford are talking of little else, and a petition has been sent to the Town Council demanding that the conduct of the fire brigade should be investigated at a public enquiry.

It must take place without any more delay.

Gravely disturbing incidents, only hinted at at the inquest, need to be cleared up.

I find that though there is a motor fire escape, it was not taken to the fire.

While the house was burning furiously and every moment counted in the attempts to rescue the trapped men, firemen had to scramble for two ladders left by builders against a near-by house.

The man in the picture, Ernest James Hampton, who was brought out too late, was lowered by a rope. This was very pluckily carried out by a young policeman, who did the best he could in the absence of a fire-escape.

Mr. W. J. Brown, a neighbour, stated at the inquest that the brigade played the hose on the bottom of the house and would not take it to the top where the imprisoned men were.

He tried to take the hose from them.

It is stated also that, of the eight permanent members of the brigade, no fewer than six were on holiday.

Chelmsford has a population of twenty-six thousand.

Continuing Sir Wyndham Childs' Dossier

Big Bets Gang Exposed

"ACE TWO" DEAN, American master crook who dare not return to this country because a four-year-old warrant hangs over his head, has sent half-a-dozen henchmen to work for him over here.

From his hiding place on the Continent he is directing their operations and taking the biggest share of the loot.

At least six people have already been robbed of big sums by cunning confidence tricks.

Dean, known as "Ace Two" because of a clever card swindle in which he specialised, has been in jail in the United States for gaming frauds and forgery.

After fleecing many dupes he fled from London before he could be arrested on charges of conspiracy.

He hated leaving such a rich field and, after finding the going rather difficult abroad, hit on the idea of sending members of his gang back to London.

Frank Jamieson, head of the contingent, brought off the first coup almost as soon as they landed.

He set out for Scotland on the new streamlined Coronation Express, looking every inch his pose as a wealthy American.

Soon he was talking to a Colonial who shared his carriage.

They seemed to have so much in common. Both, it seemed, had childhood association with Scotland, and had come over for the holiday they had long promised themselves.

Jamieson said he had lived at Carnoustie before he went to Michigan and made his fortune.

As the train was reaching Newcastle he showed the Colonial notes about a "nice little sideline which was bringing him and a few friends a regular thousand or two."

It was as simple as pie. They took it in turns to visit casinos and play on "the cutest system ever worked out."

After that it was the old dodge. But the superb skill of this Dean gangster made it all look new and genuine. Jamieson met the Colonial in London about a week later and took £200 from him.

Jamieson's real name is Frank O'Farrell, and he was born in Cleveland, Ohio.

Other names he has used since he has been over here are "Arthur Johnson," "Frederick Downey," "Cyril Attaway" and "Lionel Bradshaw."

The last time he was in London—in 1933—he defrauded one foreigner of £2,000 in a racing syndicate bluff, but the man left the country without preferring a charge.

Other people were also known to have been swindled, but they, too, were ashamed to approach the police.

The same thing happened in 1933. On that occasion a foreign merchant was defrauded of a large amount at the Savoy Hotel.

Two other members of the gang are best known to the police by their nicknames.

William Young is always referred to as "Mad Bill," because when he loses his temper he forgets his carefully rehearsed part as a courteous gentleman and is apt to attack anyone who upsets him.

Harry Cooper will be known as "Sing Sing Harry" as long as he lives. He was in the notorious jail for ten years for bond stock frauds.

Still another of the gang once masqueraded as an Italian count and claimed close friendship with a Rajah.

When he was trapped in one of his racing syndicate frauds in 1912 he was sentenced at the Old Bailey to eighteen months' imprisonment.

At the time he had a Rolls Royce car which, he said, had cost him £3,200.

Since then he has been in jail on the Continent, and it is not long since he was released after serving three years' penal servitude here.

Public Benefactor

Mr. Norman Wragg, of 137, Sandford Grove Road, Sheffield, secures the £1 1s. this week for astuteness in confounding Leonard Ballard, recently exposed in connection with the Co-operative Retailers' Association bluff.

He saved a number of tradesmen in Sheffield from wasting their money.

On the Edge of the Law

JAMES W. BENTLEY, of Moor Avenue, Howick, Preston, calls himself a business and property organiser, purchaser and salesman—"mortgages and easy terms arranged."

Complaints reaching me from the North make it clear that this concern is another fee-snatching racket like that of Morton and Co., of Clapham Road, London, S.W., whom I have exposed frequently.

More and more people are being duped in this way.

Unfortunately the police can take no action because the ramp just skirts the edge of the Law.

* * *

Bentley, like the rest of these self-styled money finders, is careful never to *guarantee* to find capital.

Fees vary from £3 10s. to £7, or even more.

I advise anyone who wishes to buy a business to consult a solicitor and save money in the long run.

You Have Been Warned

KEEP away from any scheme promoted by J. H. Blyth, who was secretary of Vulcan Accumulators, Ltd.

The company recently stopped trading and a number of people, snared by Blyth's employment-with-investment offers, have lost their money.

I warned readers about this man at the time, and I cannot repeat too strongly the caution that anything with which he is associated should be left alone.

* * *

Jobs for Sale

MR. JAMES CLIFTON WESTAWAY, a patentee, is another man who is after your money.

He specialises in pouncing on advertisements by people who want to invest money or are seeking jobs.

Writing from a restaurant in Rathbone Place, London, W., he has just told a reader that he could offer him a job with salary up to £500 for the first year if he could advance £25 to qualify for a directorship in one of the many companies he is forming.

He also asks for sums of £300 on his own bill of exchange, promising that the money will be returned through allotment of shares in a company to be formed in connection with aircraft inventions.

Have nothing to do with him.

* * *

Whisky Swindle

WHISKY fakers are busy.

Some use trade bicycles, draw up alongside motorists and offer new brand of whisky at seven or eight shillings a bottle.

Others, touting from house to house, say they have "come into possession" of a number of bottles which are being sold cheaply.

It is just coloured water, but it is astonishing how many people have been hoodwinked.

* * *

2,000 per cent.

POOR people are being exploited by certain pawnbrokers in the North.

They hold auction sales each week. Housewives with very little money are attracted.

If they cannot pay in full the salesmen take the few shillings they have and give them a pawn ticket for the balance.

Sales are generally on a Thursday, and as pay-day is on Friday they are able to pay the amount due then.

In the final settlement they find they pay interest that works out at nearly 2,000 per cent.!

* * *

Don't Believe It!

"AN answer to a salesman's prayer" is the birdlime smeared over a new chain coupon trading wangle by Novia Trading Co., Holborn, London, E.C.

You are asked to sell seven vouchers to friends, "and spare no effort to get them to send the vouchers to head office, together with 2s. remittance for four more vouchers."

So it goes on, with stockings and tea dangled as extra bait, and the airy claim that commission eventually reaches 100 per cent.!

Considerably more than 100 per cent. credulity is needed by anyone who bothers with this kind of trading.

School-book Snobbery

IN the elementary schools of Renfrewshire, Scotland, there is a curious contrast in the books used by the children.

Some are very new-looking, others slightly more used, but some are soiled and battered.

The explanation is astonishing. Children are given new books if their parents can afford to pay for them, and slightly used books can be obtained on hire.

But children whose parents are unable to pay anything because of poverty are given free books—and they are the old, bedraggled ones.

So, merely because they come from poor homes, some children have to wear this humiliating label all the time they are at school.

Scotland, which prides itself on its educational facilities, should feel ashamed that anything of the kind is allowed to happen in its schools.

DRINK MORE *Spa* WATER!

A glass of ordinary tap water, plus Fynnon Salt, is a daily Spa Treatment at home.

Waste matter not properly eliminated from the body turns acid. It is this acid which in one system brings on Rheumatism, and in another creates unwanted fat or leads to sallow, spotty complexion and unpleasant breath. The one way to avoid all this is to keep liver and kidneys clean and active.

Sodium, Potassium and Lithium are the mineral elements provided by Nature in the water of famous Spas for this very purpose. These vital "Salts of the Earth" are combined in Fynnon Salt. A daily tumblerful of Fynnon has freed thousands from Rheumatic pain. It will keep you fresh, active and "fit as a fiddle."

FYNNON every morning— Fitness every day

Add a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt to a tumblerful of warm or cold water on rising and you have a *daily* Spa "cure" which will gently rinse poisonous waste from the system. Your chemist has large tins of Fynnon at 1/3

FREE EXERCISE CHART Experts have prepared for Fynnon Limited an illustrated chart of simple home exercises which, with your daily tumblerful of Fynnon, will help to free stiff joints and reduce overweight. Send 1d. stamp for postage, to Fynnon, Ltd. (Dept. Jb.1), Brentford, Middlesex.

THE PUBLIC'S SERVANT

A Public Servant—and, like many good servants, even more helpful than you realise—is Modern Advertising, which introduces you to a thousand-and-one commodities that make life easier—enables you to purchase them at a price you can pay—and guarantees their high quality or excellent workmanship. Only reliable goods can stand up to public examination when twenty million people (including yourself) constitute the jury. That's why, if you purchase advertised goods, you can be sure that your money has been wisely spent—that the product you invest in is really trustworthy. Modern Advertising is your safeguard against the shoddy and the second rate. No wonder it has been described as Public Servant second to none.

ADVERTISED GOODS ARE THE GOODS TO BUY

AMAZING EXCLUSIVE PICTURES *Everyone Wants to See!*

The drama of Czechoslovakia . . . swift, electrifying events—the crisis, and the whole world holding its breath . . . Mr. Chamberlain's dramatic flight to Herr Hitler . . . SEE it all happening in amazing EXCLUSIVE pictures in the new enlarged "WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED," out on Friday, September 23—more pages—more pictures—more thrilling than ever—but still only twopence.

The demand for this permanent pictorial record of the most eventful happenings since 1914 will be tremendous. Get your copy of "Weekly Illustrated" EARLY.

The BOSS of LONDON

HANNEN SWAFFER'S NEW 'WHO'S WHO'

When, next year, the London County Council is fifty years old, Herbert Morrison wants to have a Jubilee; not a Party celebration, but one in which all London can join.

He would like Charles Cochran to organise it, floodlight the metropolis, have a pageant. . . .

That is typical of Morrison, who regards himself, as leader of the London County Council, as the representative of every section of the community.

He, the greatest authority on London that the Commonwealth's capital has ever had, is a shining example of what, under democracy, can be evolved.

The son of a London bobby, the child of two real East Enders, he left school when he was fourteen, not to be a van-boy, as is usually said, for the firm was too small to afford a horse and cart, but to push an oilman's truck.

Yet, in spite of a poor education, he, of all the country's municipal administrators, stands supreme.

He knows every hole and corner of London. He loves it as few people do.

He throbs with pride when, remembering its past and realising its promise, he walks through its streets.

Morrison, with the consent of a London Labour Party which he himself built up, is the real Boss of London.

Some may call him "Boss-Eyed Bertie," for he has a wall eye.

Some may criticise, at times, his Cockney attitude towards things.

Actually, there is no man in the country for whose abilities the masses have more respect.

Yet, even they do not know, as I do, that, so that he should not be "suspect," he lives, by choice, on the £500 a year paid to him as secretary of the London Labour Party. Incidentally, his £600 a year as M.P. goes, of course, largely in expenses.

So that he shall remain "one of the people," Morrison has refused as much as £7,000 a year for a job which would in no way compromise his political principles.

He turned it down because it would have stopped him from devoting so much time to his unpaid duties.

When, just before he won London for Socialism, he was offered £5,000 a year for publicising Electricity, Sir William Ray, his Tory opponent, retired from the L.C.C. and took the job which Herbert turned down. Yet Morrison's name was at the top of the list. Ray's was at the bottom.

Strangely enough, it all began with what young Herb Morrison, son of a London copper, saw outside the Brixton pubs at midnight on Saturdays.

In those days, before early closing came, people got thrown out of the four-ale bars, drunk by the score, and there were fights.

This made him start inquiring into why people drank. It led him into economics, an inquiry into basic causes. Soon he was a Socialist.

A man who was a boy with Herbert recently told him that he remembers seeing him standing at the corner of a street, when he was not much more than five, swinging a little walking stick, having nothing to do with anyone else, just standing thinking and wanting to be left alone.

The other boys were rough. Herbert kept apart from them.

"I was a lonely kid," he once told me. "The other boys used to hurt me. I suppose I was sensitive.

"They used to become insulting and abusive. I crept back into my own shell."

It is because of that, no doubt, Morrison has, on occasions, faced the need for doing something thought unpopular at the time.

For Herbert does not curry favour. He has a mind of his own. He is a born leader.

Yet, at County Hall, his success has been one of constant co-operation. He never behaves, or speaks, as though he is the Boss. He chooses his chairmen, or chairwomen, of committees and then says: "Now it is your job."

And really, you know, his job of running London is a bigger one than that of the Prime Minister of Australia. Yet it is unpaid.

More than a man whose chief passion is London's future—will he become Prime Minister?

Even in a crisis Morrison does not turn a hair.

I sat with him, one midnight in March, 1934, when we were awaiting the results of the L.C.C. election which, for the first time, gave him a majority.

He seemed to know, even before the figures came in. He was wrong in one or two estimates. Otherwise everything had happened according to plan.

Well, the next day he knew the final figures.

London was to be reborn. Great schemes for social regeneration were to start.

All the slums were to go in little more than ten years.

A green belt was to form a ring of grass and trees round the great metropolis. The schools and the hospitals were to be modernised. The plan was all ready.

Morrison had faced the charge of "Hooligans!" and won. He had beaten all the Money and the Privilege.

He started by deciding that all suspicion of graft and corruption should disappear for ever.

Master of London on Friday, he called together on Monday morning all the L.C.C.'s leading officials, and before them he set down these three rules:—

(1) "If any member of the Council asks you to put any person into a job, you are to refer him to the Chairman of the General Purposes Committee. That means the idea is dead."

(2) "I want all the Council's officers to express their own honest opinions, and not make reports twisted to please me or my friends. Although the Council will arrive at its own decisions, each officer must give the advice he thinks right."

(3) "Although I encourage relations of mutual respect between members of the L.C.C. and its officers, I will not have any intimacy that may put councillors under obligations to officers, or officers under obligations to councillors. Therefore there must be no 'hospitality' on either side. All public business must be done across the table at the offices of the Council."

He was not indicting anything or anybody, or making any charges, or even suggesting there was anything wrong. But, anyway, Morrison was going to start clean.

So it was that, three years later, he could face unperturbed an election in which, for the first time, Cabinet Ministers took part, angry at the thought that, in Coronation Year, the Socialists should run London.

Morrison, with less than £3,000 as a fighting fund, fought the Tory's national machine, used for the first time in a municipal election.

Although £150,000 was raised to fight him, Baldwin's face put on the posters, a squeal about high rates by Neville, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Morrison not only held London but increased Labour's majority.

Yet, mind you, Morrison is much more than a man whose chief passion is London's future.

He has been in almost every country in Europe, and to Palestine. Three times the newly organised Labour forces of America have induced him to go over to advise them.

He has not gone merely to the Deauvilles and the Carlsbads. He has sought knowledge where it was really to be found.

Herbert's long career as a propagandist has taken him into every corner of Britain.

When Labour achieves its first majority at Westminster, his wisdom in council, his keen political sense, and his courage of mind will win for him a high place in the councils of the nation.

Will he become Prime Minister? That depends on many other things . . .

Morrison has no fear of Privilege. He knows from long experience that an Oxford education does not of necessity give you superior brains and that men who have made personal fortunes in business do not possess more understanding of politics than a man who left a Board school in his early teens.

Then he is thorough. When, after George Lansbury and other Guardians in Poplar had been sent to jail because they believed the words "Feed My Lambs" should be taken seriously, Herbert headed the Labour deputation which went to the Ministry of Health and demanded rating charges.

He didn't just make a speech. He and the others had spent weeks in examining the facts and the figures, and mastering the case.

Before all that, the Ministry's opposition collapsed.

Then, when he was Mayor of Hackney, he chased to a Scottish retreat L. G., then Prime Minister, demanding relief work for the unemployed.

"You must see us," said the other Labour mayors of London, backing Herbert up. L. G. wouldn't.

"We're coming up," they said.

"I've got a toothache," said L. G.

They went up, bearded him, cured the toothache, and won.

If you beard them, you can always win

History is made at night

HE WAS CHOSEN FOR THE JOB THE NIGHT BEFORE THE INTERVIEW

HANDLING A STEEL FOUNDRY WAS A MAN-SIZE JOB. But success came easily to him. Bourn-vita ensures that sleep shall be sound sleep — preparing you for success to-morrow.

'You've got it in you,' said the director. But it was the 'deep sleep secret' that gave him such confidence and vitality — brought out the success-streak in him

THE NIGHT IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE DAY. That's the time when Bourn-vita ensures that sleep shall be SOUND sleep — preparing you for success to-morrow.

It was a job he could handle, but when it comes to interviews you need more than ability. Self-assurance, the air of success may count for more than talent. So he had prepared for success *the night before* — when a cup of Bourn-vita brought him sound, restoring sleep. For the qualities that breed success — vitality, confidence, charm — all depend on sleep. Not *long* sleep but *scientifically sound* sleep is what matters.

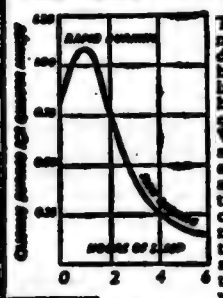
That's the sleep Bourn-vita gives you, soothing jaded nerves, building up new vigour in mind and body, and giving you power to resist the ills and chills of winter. *Remember, the night is more important than the day.* And when Bourn-vita looks after the night, the day will look after itself. Bourn-vita to-night means success to-morrow. Try it for yourself.

SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DO TO-MORROW? A report to make? A rise to ask for? The Bourn-vita 'night-cap' will help to win that battle for you.

9ᵈ PER ¼ LB.

1/5 PER ½ LB.

DON'T GO TO BED ON AN EMPTY STOMACH



GRAPH showing course of energy consumption during sleep

The body actually needs more energy during the first hour of sleep than in ordinary waking hours, although it quickly relaxes. When your stomach is empty less energy is available, and sound sleep is therefore slow in coming. Experiments have shown that Bourn-vita is a ready source of the quick energy your body needs, while actually soothing digestion and bringing deep refreshing sleep the whole night through.

BOURN-VITA *to-night makes to-morrow just right*

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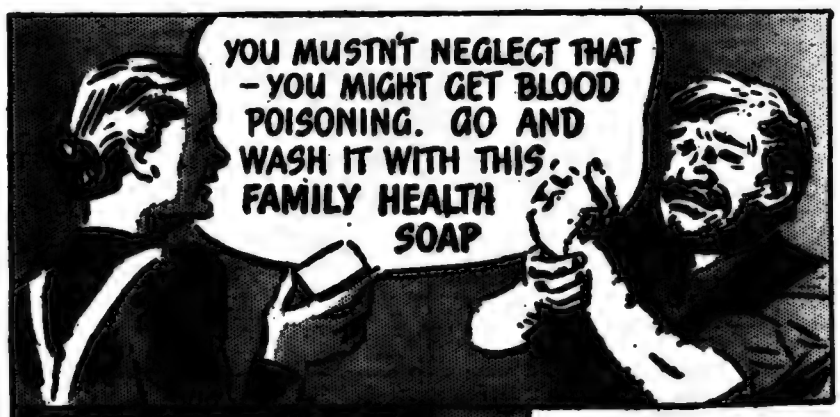

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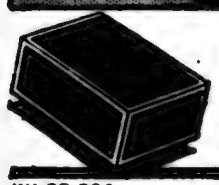

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GHOST TOWNS...

...they scar the face of Britain, monuments in the graveyard of dead industries. Let them be swept away!

This was once the busy port of Richborough, built with millions of money and the labour of thousands . . .

IN the old Mother Lode country of California, scene of Bret Harte's famous stories of the Forty-Nine, there are many derelict townships that sprang up overnight during the gold rush days, and were abandoned with equal suddenness when the mines petered out.

They are all very much alike.

On either side of a straggling, grass-grown street you see a row of tottering houses, a two-storey frame building that was once the hotel, the rusty iron-doored bank and assay office, a couple of tumbledown saloons, and the old Fandango dance hall.

Set there in the desert, miles from anywhere, these decaying remnants of the rip-roaring gold rush days are picturesque and romantic.

Port of War

They are called "Ghost Towns," and motorists bump for miles across the old trails to visit them.

There is no need for us to go as far as California to see Ghost Towns that are far more decayed and more desolate than any of those old gold camps.

But there is nothing romantic about them, nor are they picturesque. They are hideous and grim.

If you are on holiday anywhere near Sandwich, Kent, you can see a good example of this kind of English ghost town and a perfect example of the worthlessness of war-inspired prosperity.

It is the one-time port of Richborough.

Many an old soldier will remember Richborough. It was built to relieve the traffic in military stores through Dover.

Work was started in 1916, and the port, which had not been used since Roman times, was finished in six months.

Cost Millions

Two hundred and fifty acres of salt marsh were reclaimed, the river Stour was widened and deepened, a canal was cut and a mile of wharfage built and elaborately equipped.

Rows of huts were thrown up, permanent brick buildings erected, a network of rails and sidings laid out.

And, enclosing the whole from prying eyes, a great brick wall was built.

Millions of money went into that port, and thousands of men and women were employed.

Then the War came to an end, and so did the flourishing port of Richborough.

In 1926 the Government sold it. It did not bother to clear up the mess, nor did anyone else.

In 1933 there were plans to use it again as a port for a train ferry. But the scheme fell through.

Dover was chosen for the train ferry, and once again Richborough was forgotten, leaving tall grass and rank weeds growing between its network of rusting rails, the wind howling through the smashed windows of its deserted buildings, and moss creeping over its wharves.

Leave the ruins of Richborough and go over to Pembroke Dock, Milford Haven, Pembrokeshire.

It is another purely Government creation—a town that came into existence for, and for a time thrived on, the business of war.

In 1814 the Admiralty established a Royal dockyard in Milford Haven, but it was not until nearly a hundred years later that Pembroke Dock reached the peak of that prosperity, for which it has paid dearly ever since.

Left to Rot

Houses, shops, schools and various other amenities were provided by public enterprise.

In 1900, under direct pressure from the Admiralty, the town bore the expense of providing a water supply capable of satisfying the needs of 50,000 people.

The sole industry was the construction and repair of naval armaments, and in 1926, when the Admiralty blew the "cease-work" whistle, the doom of Pembroke Dock and its entire population was sounded.

The splendidly equipped dockyard, situated on the finest natural harbour in Great Britain, is derelict, and is likely to remain so for ever.

Now cross to Carmarthenshire and look at Burry, where, during the War, a huge munition factory was built about three miles from the dock.

This factory and its chain of filling sheds occupy eighty derelict acres.

Where the greater part of Burry's people once found work, nothing remains save ruins, as gaunt and forgotten as the people themselves.

Richborough, Pembroke and Burry are just three examples of towns that owe their rise and fall to the needs of war for which they were created.

They are not the only relics that mar the face of England. There are the industrial ghost towns—gaunt spectres of an era that will never return.

Dying Village

If you have ever been to Swansea you will know more or less what to expect.

The heart sickening line of derelict works forming the approach to the town is not easily forgotten, except by the people responsible.

It is not surprising that there is a growing outcry against the presence of these "gaunt monuments of dead industries," and an urgent demand for their clearance.

A poor man can be fined for littering an open space with the wrappings of his sandwiches, but a wealthy concern can, with impunity, disfigure and litter up vast tracts of countryside with the derelict sources of its wealth.

There is no need to go as far as Swansea to see glaring examples of this.

Driving up from London you begin at Newport to get some idea of what lies ahead.

Its Old Town dock, dozens of derelict buildings and a vast tract of land, can never again be built on because of subsidence.

And, if you want to see a typical little Welsh ghost town before visiting the vaster ruins of Rhymney, you can take the road to Senghenydd.

Since the mine closed down there has been no excuse for the existence of Senghenydd. It is just a dead-end to the single road that connects it to Caerphilly.

You leave this dying huddle of cottages around a dead pit and go back the way you came to Caerphilly, and then on through a dismal succession of slag-heaps and derelict pits to Rhymney, one of the first valleys in South Wales to be industrialised.

It began with a big ironworks. When this closed down coal provided employment for the 11,000 population.

To-day the roofless ruins of the ironworks straggle desolately across both banks of the river, amidst rusting rails and disused sidings.

A few miles over the hills to the West are Merthyr and Dowlais.

The scene is much the same, except that a few of the ruins have been cleared.

When you have visited the dying townships and grim valleys of South Wales it is hard to believe that there are places which are even worse.

You have heard a lot about the tragedy of Tyneside, and particularly of Jarrow, a ghost town if ever there was one, and how it was "adopted" like some shell-devastated Flanders town by charitably disposed Southerners.

Jarrow is almost a paradise when compared with Shildon and a dozen other doomed towns in Durham.

Once Shildon had a population of nearly 13,000.

Now five out of six pits have been abandoned.

Railway sidings, once the biggest and busiest in the world—for Shildon was the railway town of the Durham coalfields—are derelict.

Build Anew

Half the shops are closed, and the few that remain might as well be shut, for the shrinking population is almost wholly unemployed.

Yet these dying towns and their people could be revitalised.

At present new industries will not go near the derelict sites of the old factories and workshops, no matter how cheap such sites may be.

No man would willingly build his home over old graves, and the same distaste is in the mind of the industrialist when he plans his latest venture.

So the course we must take is clear.

The Ghost Towns of Industry must be razed to the ground. The old mines must be filled with the slag that was once torn from their hearts. The grass-grown railway sidings torn up and replanned. The old docks dredged and cleaned.

Then new industries will no longer be afraid to settle among them. New farms will spring up where now is wilderness.

OUR MIGHTY DEFENCE MACHINE

Under-water wireless, black searchlights, a wonder gun, "electric ears," flying fortresses, push-button manœuvres, food arsenals and a shadow National Register—all these are cogs in the vast and intricate machine which has been built up in the last few years to make your country strong in the cause of Peace.

WHAT is Britain's strength?

That is the question that has been on the lips of every man and woman during the past fortnight.

The ordinary citizen has no chance to see, as a whole, the mighty defence machine which Britain possesses.

Built up chiefly within the past few years, its ramifications co-ordinate not only three Services—Army, Navy and Air Force—but almost every public and private activity.

Here we sketch the intricate pattern as a whole, beginning with the Senior Service.

Our Royal Navy is stronger to-day than it was even in 1914, although then, of course, we had a far larger Fleet.

New Warships

This year the expenditure on naval armament has been £127,000,000—the greatest since 1918, and twice the annual average since then.

Lately the man power has been increased from 89,600 to 120,000.

If many of our ships are old, so are those of other Powers.

But, ship for ship of equal age and size, Britain is superior to any of the others.

Twelve of our fifteen capital ships, for example, have been so reconstructed, re-engined and re-equipped that they have the value of practically new units.

No other navy has been able to modernise its old armaments to anything like the extent this country has done.

In new construction, also, Britain, within the scope of international agreements, is far ahead.

The three-years programme has reached the formidable total of seven battleships, five aircraft carriers, twenty-one cruisers, thirty-four destroyers and seventeen submarines.

At least fifty-four of these new vessels, none of which is included in the present strength, are due for completion before the end of the year.

In the next few weeks our finest aircraft carrier, *Ark Royal*, will join the Fleet.

She is the first of five 22,000-ton ships of a type which will be capable of housing 70 aircraft each, compared with 48 in *Courageous*, the present largest carrier.

Most powerful battleships afloat are *Nelson* and *Rodney*, each of 35,000 tons.

And, dwarfing even them, is mighty *Hood*, battle cruiser of 42,000 tons and biggest warship in the world. The *Hood* is now in the Mediterranean, but may soon join the Home Fleet.

In numbers, represented by cruisers and destroyers, the larger part of the Fleet is at present in Mediterranean waters.

So great has been the advance in methods of under-water wireless detection that the Navy has now practically no fear of submarine attack.

In the new and reconstructed tonnage there has been much sub-division of compartments and double hulls have been fitted to withstand torpedo explosion.

Nor, after tests of a kind to which no other navy has subjected itself, is the British Fleet perturbed about air attacks.

Our fighting ships have been made the worst possible targets for bombers.

Their multiple-barrelled, quick-firing anti-aircraft guns are, in themselves, regarded as sufficient defence.

Deck Armour

But deck armour has also been so improved that a ship would still be in action even if it were struck twice with the heaviest bombs or aerial torpedoes.

For blockading purposes, the Navy has become supreme by its equipment with aircraft for the location of enemy merchant ships.

But the greatest development of all in the Navy's power is the protection it can give, by the use of aircraft, to our own mercantile marine against enemy raiders.

In defending the supply of food and material to this country, and in keeping open communications, one cruiser with only two aeroplanes can do work for which four cruisers were needed in the last war.

And that, after all, is the chief job of the Senior Service. So, relatively, our Navy is at least three times stronger than it was twenty years ago.

Empire Army

Now let us look at our Army.

The modest numerical strength of the Regular forces—160,000 without reserves—bears no relation to their real capabilities, particularly in the provision for quick and easy expansion.

In all its branches the Regular Army is so organised and has such vast resources of material that it should be regarded as a framework constructed to absorb an Army of the Empire, better equipped than that of any military nation.

The Dominion armies—with a standing force of 150,000—have been modelled to the Imperial plan for expansion. So, too, has the Indian Army with an establishment of 170,000.

Most important limb of the skeleton is the Territorial Army, which, with a strength increased lately to 180,000, is 80 per cent. trained.

About 43,000 men of the "Terriers" have been trained in two divisions for ground defence against air attack.

Three more divisions are also about to be formed for this purpose.

Mechanisation of Regulars and Territorials has been carried out smoothly, and the high educational standard demanded of recruits makes it possible to train a British soldier in half the time needed in any other country, except the United States.

The efficiency of the British line regiments is without equal.

Their fire-power has been developed to an extent that military experts would have regarded as incredible twenty years ago.

This has been achieved by the reorganisation of each brigade into what are called rifle and supporting battalions—the first with 900 rifles and 48 light machine-guns and the others with heavy machine- and anti-tank guns.

The Bren Gun

The light machine-gun is the Bren, most dramatic invention of the post-war period, if measured by its potency in the field.

It is so simple that a soldier can learn to handle, strip and assemble it after one day's instruction.

And the Bren gun is so devastating that with it one infantryman can accomplish more than a whole platoon of riflemen.

In the public fancy the power of the British Army has come to be regarded as its mobility and mastery of the internal combustion engine.

In reality, it lies in the Bren gun.

Youngest of the Services, the Home Air Arm has achieved a

Britain is thrice as powerful at sea

at sea as she was twenty years ago

strength and efficiency of which any nation would be proud.

It consists of 1,750 first-line machines and has a personnel of 70,000 highly trained officers and men.

Backing it is a network of training schools, a great reserve of trained pilots, a continuous tradition of technical development, and a chain of supply services which have been built up and tested link by link.

Such organisation is not built in a few years. Like our supremacy in the very heart of aviation—the aeroplane engine—it is the result of long growth and long experience.

The Home Air Arm is split into three main divisions—the Fighter Command, Coastal Command and Bomber Command.

The Coastal Command, with its squadrons operating far out at sea and with its radio links, is the "eyes" of Britain's air defence.

On the first warning of hostile aircraft, the Fighter Command would leave its hidden headquarters and would concentrate interceptor fighters over the threatened area.

From the moment hostilities began there would be no second of day or night without a continuous guard of fighter squadrons operating along the eastern and southern shorelines, protecting the industrial heart of Britain as well as London.

And all machines would be linked together with headquarters by a long-worked-out radio system.

At the end of the last war a system had been evolved which consisted of a huge wall map at Air H.Q., a map which was studded with rows of coloured light-bulbs.

One colour flashing on at a given point meant that hostile aircraft had crossed, or were approaching, that point.

Miracle Map

Another light meant that guns had gone into action, another that fighters had engaged.

Other lights showed the position, at the moment, in any given aerodrome.

By this "push-button" method of signalling the commander could see at a glance the situation which confronted him.

But that system of instant communication is crude compared with that now designed.

And it has been so duplicated that it is proof against any breakdown or chance destruction.

Last of the three main divisions of the Air Force, the Bomber Command has a chain of aerodromes stretching along the backbone of Britain.

If an enemy carried into effect the tactical theory of the Italian General Douhet—which involves the ruthless bombing of open towns as well as of arsenals, rail junctions and other military points—then the Bomber Command would go into action.

But its main function would not be retaliatory. It would attack enemy military positions which would already be well known.

The equipment of the Bomber Command, which comprises "flying fortresses" like the Blenheim and Hampden machines and long-range aircraft like the Vickers Wellesley, is formidable, and the training of its men has been intensive.

At the moment of hostilities all ground defence—searchlights, observer corps, and guns—would come under the command of the Air Force.

Anti-aircraft organisation has progressed far beyond the "Archies" of 1914-18.

Spotting Raiders

Then, blind men were enlisted for listening posts in the belief that their hearing was more acute.

But to-day we have electrical sound locators which can pick up the beat of an aeroplane engine twenty miles away and focus within two degrees of its direction.

We have also "black searchlights," which detect approaching aircraft by the heat or infra-red rays sent out by the engine.

This device would beat the bomber which, with engines cut off, tried to glide over our shores.

Then there are rangefinders, accurate to six feet in 40,000—the wonderful Vickers Predictor, a "robot brain" which works out seven abstruse mathematical problems in less than a second.

It "predicts" the angle to which the gun must be laid and sets the fuse so that shell and target meet at the same point.

And we have guns, *vertically* accurate to a height above Mount Everest, which can fire twenty-five 3.7-inch shells a minute.

All these things and many more are part of that super-efficient machine the Home Air Arm.

What of the civil organisation which provides support for our three Forces?

For two years, twenty-four hours a day and, in many cases, seven days a week, an ever-growing number of great factories has been producing munitions.

By night, convoys of ghost trains carry away this material.

What quantities have been made? Where does it all go?

Outside certain members of the Cabinet, only the directors of the Defence services could answer these questions. The information is the Government's most closely guarded secret.

Food Stores

Order and progress have begun to emerge in the measures for passive defence—against air attack and the maintenance and distribution of food supplies.

More headway in the practical application of A.R.P. and anti-panic training has been made in one month than had been achieved in two years.

Nothing has been more remarkable in recent weeks than the leeway which has been made up in the preparation of immense and intricate plans for the evacuation of people not required for essential work in districts most likely to be bombed.

Transport managers have found it comparatively easy to prepare for the Government schedules of emergency services by which great sections of the population could be removed by rail and road to tented towns beyond the danger areas.

Government policy has been to build up food reserves—on a scale not disclosed but known to be substantial and increasing—and to depend on the Navy for the uninterrupted delivery of supplies during emergency, rather than to stimulate home production artificially.

Since early summer measures have been prepared for the control of food distribution and to check profiteering.

Your Job

In every area of the country there are now food officers with plans in readiness for rationing and price fixing.

"What would my job be?" asks the man in the street.

Quietly, but with great thoroughness, a census has been made of the man power of Britain for military and industrial purposes. It is known that a National Service Bill has already been framed.

It is also known to exactly what extent women could take the place of men in certain industries.

Professional and academic bodies have supplied information in the utmost detail regarding the availability for national service of doctors, architects, surveyors and engineers.

And, unknown to the man and woman in the street, the Ministry of Labour, through its employment exchange managers, has obtained for the Defence chiefs what is virtually a register of the ages, occupations and adaptability of the people.

Your actual name may not be on that register.

But you are included somewhere in one of its categories.

The World's Navies

	Capital Ships	Cruisers	Destroyers	Submarines	Aircraft Carriers
Britain	15	60	160	52	6
U.S.A.	15	28	196	84	3
Japan	9	41	116	57	4
France	6	49	38	75	1
Italy	4	22	120	81	—
Germany	3	6	33	48	—

Grace Humiston left the jail for Miller's office

18 MINUTES TO LIVE!

LONG after the steel doors of the execution cell had closed behind her, their clang still echoed in the ears of Attorney Grace Humiston.

Worn out, she dropped into an armchair in the office of Spencer Miller, Jun., deputy warden of Sing Sing Penitentiary, New York.

For months Grace Humiston had been fighting to win a reprieve for her client, Gennaro Mazella, convicted killer.

Miller had only just received orders that he must proceed with the execution.

"I'm sorry to hear the bad news," he said, pushing forward the cool glass. "But, candidly, I don't think Mazella's worth a reprieve. He's bad right through!"

"Maybe he is," Grace agreed. "But I hate to think of a client being executed. You know how it gets you!"

"Sure, I do," said Miller. "I feel that way about the men in the death-cells—I've got ten of them there now!

★ "But if you want to put up a fight for someone really worth saving, why don't you go down and have a chat to that fellow Charlie Stielow, who's taking the 'hot squat' next month."

"That's a curious remark to come from a man in your position," said Grace. "What's on your mind?"

"I'm not sure myself," replied Miller. "Stielow was convicted and sentenced to death for the murder of his employer and a woman in Orleans County on March 21, 1935—just a year ago.

"He's made two separate confessions and retracted both of them.

"In one he involved his brother-in-law, Nelson Green, who voluntarily pleaded guilty at the trial.

"Despite that, however, I just can't bring myself to believe that Stielow is a murderer. He's not the type.

"I've spoken to him every day since he's been here, and the nearer we get to April 10—that's the date of the execution—the more uneasy I become."

"What does Stielow say about it himself?" asked Grace.

"Just what they all say! 'I'm not guilty!' But, in his case, I'm half inclined to believe him!

"He says he doesn't know how those confessions came to be made. He recalls making a statement and remembers signing it with a cross—he can't write, you know.

"Look, here's a copy of one of the confessions."

Grace Humiston picked up the paper which the deputy warden slid across the desk.

"This is a true confession of me, Charles Stielow," she read.

"I and my brother-in-law, Nelson Green, murdered Charles Phelps and his housekeeper, Margaret Wolcott, at Shelby, Orleans County, on the night of March 21, 1935.

"The financial position of both Green and myself had been growing steadily worse for some months past. So we decided to recoup our losses by robbing Phelps, who, we knew, always kept a large sum of money in his house. . . ."

Reading them both through, Grace found that one had been signed by Stielow, with a cross, in the presence of the Sheriff.

The other had been attested by a Justice of the Peace, who had read the confession over to the accused. But it bore neither signature nor mark.

"I hope Stielow wasn't convicted on these confessions," she said to Miller.

"The one signed with a mark was evidently made before arraignment, since it hasn't been attested. That rules that out as evidence.

"And the other one isn't signed. So that's inadmissible, too!"

"That's just the point," said Miller. "Those confessions *were* admitted as material evidence. AND HE WAS CONVICTED ON THEM! There was practically nothing else!"

"But they can't do that!" protested the woman lawyer. "Under our Rules of Evidence they're inadmissible! I'd like to have a talk with this man!"

"I was hoping you would," said Miller. "That's why I mentioned it to you. I wasn't satisfied with those confessions either!"

The condemned man's story only whetted Grace Humiston's curiosity still further.

"I didn't do that to them, Mum," he repeated over and over again. "I don't know nothin' about it!

"And them confessions. I didn't make them either. They asks me to make a statement and I tells them all I know.

"Then they tells me to make a mark on what they've wrote down. I can't neither read or write—I ain't never had no learnin'—so I puts a mark, and then they say as how I've said I killed the old man and his housekeeper."

★ After questioning him for nearly two hours, Grace Humiston went back to Miller's office.

"There's something darned funny about all this," she said to the deputy warden.

"Just look at those confessions!

"A confession is supposed to be a *word for word statement by the accused—otherwise it's illegal.*

"Yet, where will you find an uneducated man, with the mind of a child of seven, using phrases like 'The financial position of Green and myself had been growing steadily worse' and 'We decided to recoup our losses'? He wouldn't even know the words!"

"You've got something there," Miller snapped back. "You're dead right! He couldn't have made that confession. Not in that form anyhow!"

"There's only one thing to do," said Grace decisively.

★ "You've *got* to get through to Stuart Kohn, of the Public Defenders' Association, in New York, and explain the position to him.

"The two of you simply *must* bring pressure to bear on Governor Whitman and make him grant a stay of execution.

"I'll check up on the court records of the case and get hold of the preliminary police reports. See you later!"

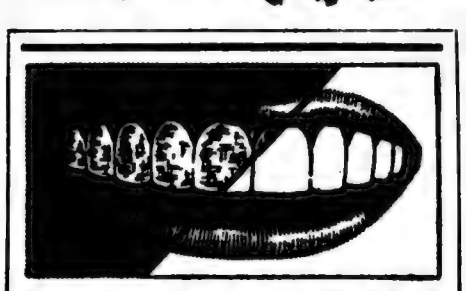
Four days later, Miller telephoned through to say that Governor Whitman had granted the condemned man a two months' reprieve, setting the date of execution for June 10.

(Continued on page 24)

MASTERPIECES OF DETECTION

By Louis C. S. Mansfield,

Famous Private Detective



Less than 1/1000th of an inch separates

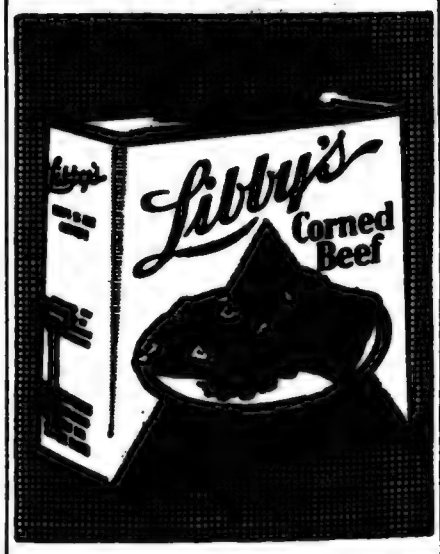
Good Teeth from Bad!

If you value your teeth remember this—less than a hair's-breadth of enamel protects them from decay at the gum line! If you use a gritty tooth-paste you are actually helping to wear this enamel away—so make sure your tooth-paste is *safe*. The test is simple. Grind a little between your front teeth. If there is the slightest sign of grittiness change at once to the paste which dentists say is the finest and smoothest of all—Odol. Get a tube of Odol to-day, or send a 1d. Postcard for a free sample to Odol, (Dept. J.B.26), Norwich. You'll find no grit in Odol—it's as fine and smooth as dairy cream!

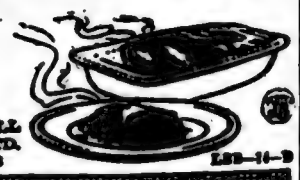
Odol

Odol can be obtained as Tooth-paste or Solid Dentifrice. There is also Odol Mouth-wash and Odol Denture Powder.

A simple nutritious satisfying meal



In a piping-hot shepherd's pie, or any other suitable dish, Libby's Corned Beef makes a most nutritious and satisfying meal.



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I'm a "SUSPECT"

You know Inspector Hornleigh's method . . . "Now, Mr. X, it was just midnight, wasn't it? . . . ar!" (very deliberate) —"And there are no street lamps opposite your flat" . . . (Then, with a lusty roar) "BUT YOU SAID that when Mrs. Y passed she was wearing a green and pink striped jumper!!! Take him away, Sergeant."

Like Mr. X, I've made things awkward for myself. I've said so often that we think reliability is of "prime" importance in Murphy sets that I hardly dare claim any other virtues. If I just mention how important we think accurate tuning is, or how much trouble we take over noise suppression, somebody tackles me and says triumphantly "BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID reliability was the important thing." And I can't deny it.

But if we have made a lion of reliability, you'll find, if you'll listen to a Murphy set, that those other qualities summed up in the word "performance" are also remarkably good. We haven't, for instance, made a rrabbit of rrange or rreproduction.

Take me away, Sergeant.

E. J. POWER,
Managing Director

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You can arrange that, if you do not attain the age selected, your widow, during the years of her greatest need, will receive

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J.B. 24-9-38 278

Fifty-five and fit as ever!

We all know men and women who seem to have the secret of perpetual youth. In a way, they have! We say they're lucky—but their real secret is milk. Milk has been called the food of fitness. It might equally be called the food of life itself! On milk we were reared—no milk, no man. In milk is all we need. . . . . The same food which gave you health and strength in the beginning is the best food for *keeping* you well and strong to-day. Make milk your mainstay all your life—at least a pint a day.

It's not luck—it's

continuing "Masterpieces of Detection"

18 Minutes to Live

This call came while Grace was in the middle of a mass of police "Preliminary Investigational Reports."

According to these, Stielow's farmer employer, Charles Phelps, and his housekeeper, Margaret Wolcott, had been shot and battered to death at a small farmhouse just outside Shelby.

Three neighbouring farmers—Pogles, Grant and Logan—stated they had heard screams and four shots between eleven and twelve the night before.

However, the bodies were found by Stielow himself when he went to work at the Phelps' farm at five o'clock next morning. It was he who had given the alarm.

As far as detectives could make out, the unfortunate couple had both been shot twice with a .32 calibre revolver, after being severely battered with a mop handle which was found lying just inside the front door.

Apart from the dining-room, where the murder had been committed, only one other room showed the least sign of any disorder.

This was a small, spare bedroom which was kept for the use of temporary farm-hands whom Phelps employed for a week or two from time to time.

Here the bed-clothes were ruffled as if someone had risen hurriedly.

In one corner of the room there was a newly soldered tin kettle and a small bottle of spirit of salts. There was also a rucksack with some bits of old iron in it.

Lying across the end of the bed was a blood-stained vest.

Neither the tin kettle nor the mop handle had belonged to the Phelps farm.

From the front door a number of indeterminate footprints led in the direction of the railway at the rear before becoming lost on the hard ground.

★ In the front of the house, also, there were a number of tyre marks made by a two-wheeled buggy.

One of the tyres was evidently defective, since it left a curious imprint on the ground which the investigators had carefully photographed along with the rest of the scene.

Taking the "Preliminary Investigationals" in their day-by-day order, Grace Humiston read how experts, examining the vest, had discovered large quantities of copper and lead dust, tin filings, sal ammoniac dust and common dirt.

She read, too, how the investigation had gradually started to centre around Stielow.

One of the "Investigationals," signed by Detective Newton, stated that Stielow had denied possessing firearms of any sort.

Yet, Newton proved that he had owned two .32 revolvers which Green, who had been staying with Stielow, had taken to his own home a few days after the murders.

Appended to this was the report of a ballistics expert, who stated that he had fired several shots from Stielow's guns and found that the bullet markings agreed in every respect with the slugs taken from the bodies.

★ Grace kept at it for days on end, reading how Stielow had been arrested on May 10, how he had made a confession accusing his brother-in-law, Nelson Green, how he had signed it with "X—his mark," how he had refused to sign a further confession after arraignment, and how he had finally been tried, convicted and sentenced to death in the electric chair.

When she came to the end she telephoned District Attorney Knickerbocker and asked his permission to have the original expert re-examine Stielow's guns, and also to permit an independent examination by one of America's foremost scientific investigators.

Then she got through to Deputy Warden Miller, of Sing Sing:

"Despite his 'confession,' despite Green's plea of Guilty, and despite the evidence concerning the revolvers, I feel certain that Stielow is innocent," she said.

"The state of that spare bedroom interests me. Some stranger must have used it—since Phelps hadn't any temporary labour at the time. That stranger is the killer.

"He must have pretended to go to bed, then got up and killed Phelps and the housekeeper.

"That man is either the murderer, or else he also was murdered.

"Personally, I think he's the murderer, because no one is going to kill three people, hide one body and leave the other two on full view. That makes sense, don't you think?"

"It certainly does," admitted Miller. "What else have you found?"

"That the killer is a 'junk-man,' or an itinerant vendor, or something of that nature.

"As you know, sal ammoniac is used as a flux for soldering. And that copper, lead and tin dust!

"That must have come from objects being cleaned with a file ready for soldering. And the ruck-sack!

"All those things suggest a travelling tinker who goes about from place to place mending old pots and pans, and buying up bits of junk!

"I want you to ask Stielow if he remembers a tinker or odd-job man being about the place shortly before the murders. I'm sending three detectives over to Shelby to see if they can find anyone of that kind.

★ "And I'm having the murder bullets examined by a competent man."

"Right, I will," answered Miller. "And here's some news for you.

"Green says he pleaded guilty only because his attorney advised him to do so after Stielow was sentenced to death. By pleading guilty Green escaped with a life sentence."

Half an hour later Miller called back: "Stielow says that two 'junk' men visited his place the day before the murders.

"One of them was a young fellow of twenty-five or so. The other was a swarthy fellow like an Italian. He was about forty-five.

"Incidentally, he says he traded them an old buggy tyre, which he took off his own vehicle a fortnight before.

"From his description it looks like the one that left those marks around the house."

Five days later came the reports of the ballisticians. The original expert re-affirmed his decision.

But Grace Humiston's own expert, who was also Technical Consultant to the famous G-Men, denied that Stielow's guns had fired the fatal shots.

Next, the detectives in Shelby reported finding a storekeeper who stated that, on March 11, Phelps had met two "junk" men, whom he took home to lunch, arranging that one of them should sleep at his farm when the two made their next trip through Shelby on March 21.

However, time was passing rapidly.

Although two stays of execution had been granted, there was still not enough evidence to clear Stielow.

With dread finality the verdict was re-affirmed and Stielow sentenced to die on the morning of Saturday, July 29, at 6 o'clock.

There could be no appeal against this. The Courts of Justice had written *finis* to the whole affair.

But Grace Humiston hadn't.

She engaged twelve more detectives to work on the case and advertised far and wide for news of the unidentified junk-men.

Finally, on Friday evening, July 28, when all hope seemed lost, she received a long-distance telephone call from a stranger in Friendship, nearly two hundred miles away.

"If you can come over here I can tell you something about those junk-men!" a Mrs. Lacey telephoned.

When Grace Humiston heard that she had a sudden hunch that the case was solved.

Frantically she telephoned Stuart Kohn in New York:

"Somehow, somewhere, you've *got* to find a man empowered to stop that execution!" she ordered. "Tell whoever you find that I can produce the real murderer!"

★ On the strength of that promise, Kohn and his partners combed New York.

At two o'clock in the morning they woke up Supreme Court Justice Charles L. Guy at his home in Connaught Avenue, New York City, and thrust copies of the affidavits and documents into his hands.

Guy waded through them until a quarter to five and then tried to telephone Principal Keeper Dorner at Sing Sing to stay the execution.

To his horror he found there was trouble on the line. Not until eighteen minutes to six, EIGHTEEN MINUTES BEFORE STIELOW WAS TO DIE, did he contact Dorner.

When the Principal Keeper hurried to Stielow's cell he found that the warders had already shaved the condemned man's head, and were slitting his pants ready for the electrodes that were to carry the life-destroying current through his body.

Meanwhile, Grace Humiston had raced to Friendship to see Mrs. Lacey, who had a remarkable tale to tell.

At five o'clock on the morning of the murders, she revealed, a neighbour of hers, an itinerant tinker named O'Connell, had told her of "the terrible murders at Shelby."

Mrs. Lacey had been going to milk her cows when O'Connell and his partner, Erwin King, had driven up!

Within a few days Grace Humiston traced O'Connell to Auburn Prison, where he was undergoing sentence for an assault and shooting case committed shortly after the Phelps' killings. Later, she tracked King to a Buffalo saloon.

★ King made a complete confession of the murders and explained, in detail, the parts played by O'Connell and himself.

On the strength of the confessions, the State Legislature voted 25,000 dollars for a full investigation of the case.

As a result, Stielow and his brother-in-law, Nelson Green, were absolved from any part in the crimes.

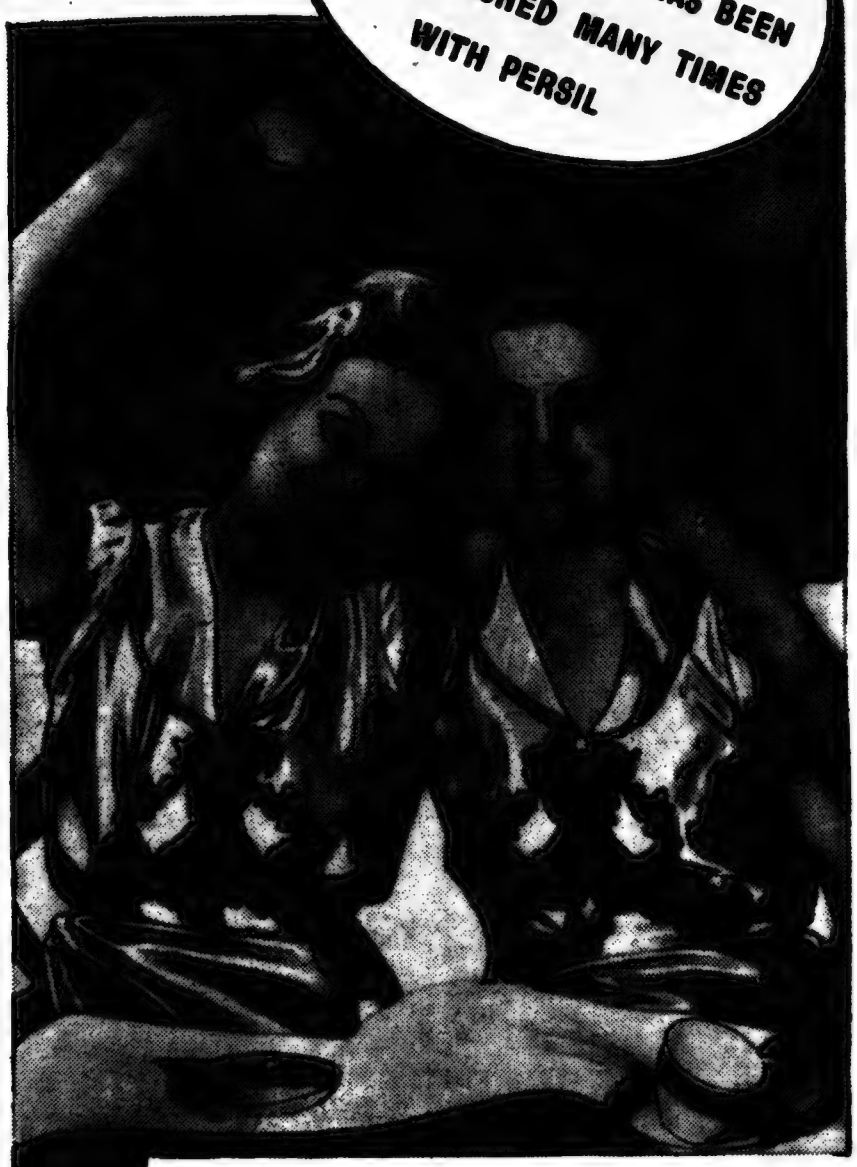
However, neither O'Connell nor King ever came to trial for their crime.

Defending lawyers managed to introduce technicalities which prevented the Grand Jury from handing down indictments.

But they both went to prison for long terms on other counts.

Next week: another Masterpiece of Detection

Which is the new nightie?



You can't tell the difference *between a new nightie and a Persil-washed nightie*

Persil is best for all fine fabrics. Your most precious silks and woollies can be washed in Persil time after time with absolute safety. For oxygen is blended in a special way with the soap in Persil, giving a wonderfully gentle cleansing action! And Persil cleans thoroughly even in lukewarm water, so there's little danger of colours running. Simply dip the soiled clothes into the Persil soapsuds, work them gently with the fingers and *all* the dirt rolls out immediately. Persil cleans so quickly that your dainty things need never be in the water for long. Next time you have to do a fine wash let Persil do it for you!

THE AMAZING Persil OXYGEN WASHER

PER 625-204-08

NATURE says 'CHEW'

for healthy teeth and fragrant breath — Wrigley's

WRIGLEY'S makes you *chew properly*, strengthening your gums and helping you keep your teeth clean and healthy. Wrigley's also soothes the nerves. The delicious, refreshing flavours sweeten your breath and freshen your palate. Wrigley's keeps you fit and alert. And helps the digestion as well. Start chewing P.K. or Spearmint to-day.

CHEW REGULARLY

WRIGLEY'S

When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29.

Whatever the surface may be

you can stick and mend with Seccotine anything that's broken. It's the finest adhesive made—stronger than any glue.

SECCOTINE
THE DOUBLE STRENGTH ADHESIVE

In pin-stopper tubes, everywhere, 4½d., 6d. and 9d.

Sole Proprietors: M'Caw, Stevenson & Orr, Ltd., Belfast.

The MYSTERIOUS OVERCOAT

"My Strangest Experience"

By

Russell Thorndyke

famous actor-writer

IT all began in India.

I was stage manager of Matheson Lang's London Company, which was playing at a Calcutta theatre during the Durbar tour of the late King George.

In those days the theatres of the Far East had been mostly served by touring musical comedies, and the rules of the stage door were extremely lax.

Anyone seemed to have the right of popping backstage whenever they felt like it.

On this particular night there had been more visitors than usual, and so it was very late before I was free to leave the theatre.

Going backward and forwards across the stage while arranging the next morning's rehearsal, I noticed a man in evening dress with a black overcoat over his arm.

He was dark, bronzed, and had the cut of an Army officer.

He seemed very interested in every man connected with the company, but, strangely enough, ignored the women.

MIND you, there was nothing offensive about him. He seemed sober and was well-mannered. I supposed that he was waiting for someone.

At last every member of the cast had gone except Mr. Lang, who was entertaining friends in his dressing-room.

As I stepped into the street, I noticed that the stranger with the coat over his arm was watching me from the other side of the road. He seemed to be sizing me up, and nodded his head as though he approved of me.

But apparently he was undecided whether he should speak to me or not, and, thinking that I had met him at some party, I walked across and asked if he were waiting for anyone, telling him my name and explaining my position as stage manager.

I held out my hand, but instead of taking it he seized my wrist and flung his black coat over my forearm.

"The coat," he said solemnly.

I looked at the folded garment. "What do you mean?" I asked. "What are you giving me this for?"

"The coat. . . . Take it. . . . You must take the coat." And he turned on his heel and walked quickly away.

It took me a moment to recover from my astonishment, then I set off in pursuit. He started to run.

"Hey, hey!" I called out. "This coat! It's got nothing to do with me. I don't want it! Hey! Here's your coat!"

BUT he only ran faster . . towards an open car standing at the kerb with its engine running. In it were four other men in evening dress.

As he reached it, it began to move off. He jumped on the running board and was pulled into the back by his companions.

Again I shouted. "Hey! This isn't my coat. I don't want the thing. Come back! Come back and get your coat!"

I heard the other men in the car burst out laughing, but the stranger who had flung the mysterious coat over my arm leaned out and called, "Wear it . . . wear it . . . wear it."

The words echoed in my ears long after the sharp note of the car's exhaust had faded into the distance.

Well, there I was—left with a perfectly good overcoat of heavy black cloth with black wooden buttons, for which I had no earthly use and which anyway didn't belong to me.

Not wishing to carry it about, I went back to the theatre to leave it in my dressing-room. As I selected a hanger from my wardrobe I noticed something which had been concealed by the way the coat was folded.

The lining was silk — and it was scarlet!

"This is a queer kind of joke," I said to myself. "The fellow must have been drunk after all!"

So I had a word with the stage doorkeeper.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I remember the gentleman quite well. I thought he was one of Mr. Lang's party. No, he wasn't drunk; he was cold sober."

"When I looked at the coat, I thought of ill-lit streets in Calcutta, slinking figures and the pad of bare feet . . . ."

But none of Mr. Lang's friends knew the stranger.

Obviously he had tacked himself on to them to get into the theatre.

Next morning, piqued by curiosity, I took the coat out and tried it on.

It might have been tailored for me.

I told Montague Love—he's a famous film actor now—about my adventure. He advised me to stick to the coat.

"It might be a useful wardrobe piece," he said.

But somehow that didn't satisfy me. There was something about the coat I didn't like. And it wasn't just the strange way in which I had acquired it.

It was evil, or at least I felt it was evil. . . . That scarlet lining was too much like the colour of blood. . .

First I took it to the theatre manager and asked him to pin a notice up in the cloakroom, appealing for the owner to claim it.

THAT notice was there for months; in fact, it was there while our company toured China and the Phillipines.

But when I returned to Calcutta the coat was still unclaimed.

"Wear it . . . wear it . . . wear it." The words came back from the past.

"Right," I thought. "I will. It'll be handy for London winters."

So when we were about to sail I ordered my bearer to pack it at the bottom of my trunk. He picked up the coat and spread it out ready for folding. Then he saw the scarlet lining. He backed away. His mouth twitched and there was fear in his eyes.

"No, sahib," he said. "I no pack this. This coat bad, very bad."

"Don't be a fool," I said. "It's just a coat. Go on, pack it."

"No, sahib! This very bad, this evil." And he left the room.

I never saw him again, which was strange, because I had not paid him his wages.

YET, during all those months I had been in India he had served me honestly, willingly and faithfully.

Damn the coat! What was wrong with it? I would have thrown it away rather than offend my loyal servant. Still, if he was going to be stupid——

I packed the coat myself and thought little more about it until, back in London again, I unpacked it and hung it in an empty wardrobe.

There it stayed for months, until one evening my brother was caught in a rainstorm and borrowed my evening coat—his own was at the cleaner's.

(Continued on page 28)

Keep free from shiny nose

From now on have complexion-confidence all day and evening long! Look lovely and fresh whether you are indoors or outdoors, working or playing. Snowfire Powder-Cream gives your skin a lasting 'matt' finish—never lets you look hot and shiny; can't clog pores! You can match your natural skin-colouring perfectly from the Naturelle, Peach, Rachelle, Deep Rachelle, or Ivory shades.

Never have a shiny nose—use

Snowfire

POWDER-CREAM

MODERN MOTHERS SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

SPENCER MATERNITY BELT

Thousands of women have maintained their health and strength during the crucial maternity period by wearing a Spencer Maternity Belt individually designed for the wearer to relieve back strain, headache and nausea and to give complete comfort and support.

The Spencer Maternity Bandeau gives uplift and support and prevents sagging both before and after maternity.

Spencer supports are recommended by over 30,000 Doctors throughout the world.

Write Spencer Corsets Ltd., 44, Britannia Road, Banbury, Oxon, for Maternity Booklet, and for name of nearest local Corsetiere.

SPENCER

Individually designed Foundation Garments and Surgical Supports

"We create a design especially for you."

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BRISTOL: 44a, Queen's Rd., 8. Bristol 24521
EDINBURGH: 28a, George St., 2. Edinburgh 23693
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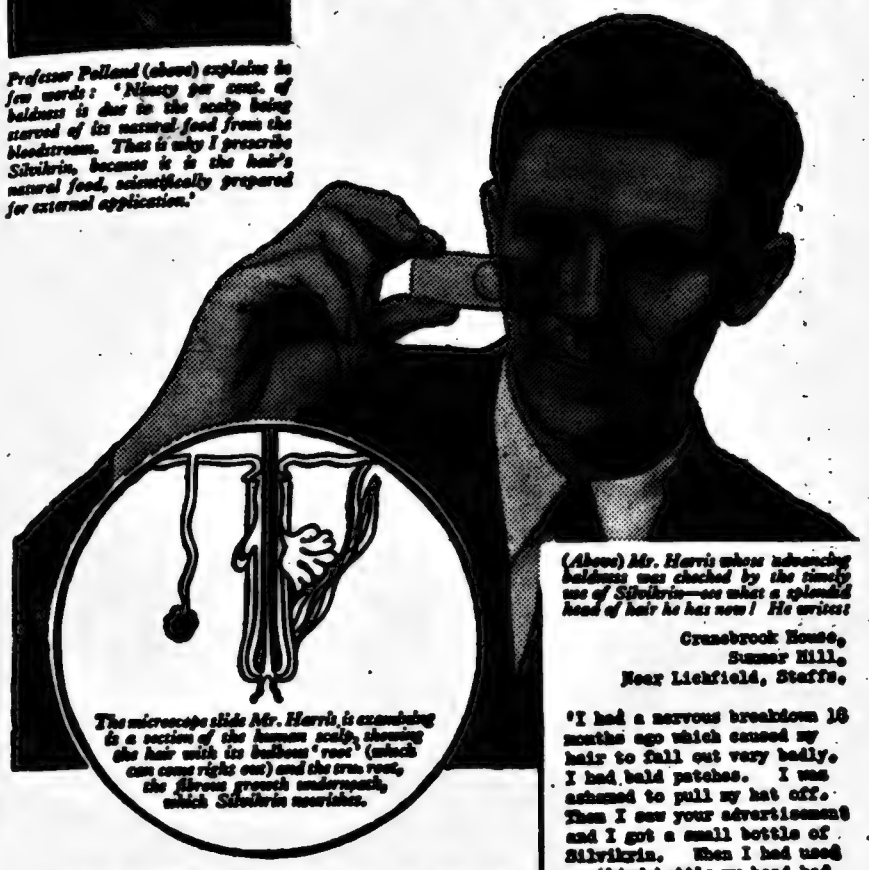
How Professor Polland, the celebrated dermatologist of Graz University, Austria, prescribes for

BALDNESS

Professor Polland (above) explains in few words: 'Ninety per cent. of baldness is due to the scalp being starved of its natural food from the bloodstream. That is why I prescribe Silvikrin, because it is the hair's natural food, scientifically prepared for external application.'



The microscope slide Mr. Harris is examining is a section of the human scalp, showing the hair with its bulbous 'root' (which can come right out) and the true root, the fibrous growth underneath, which Silvikrin nourishes.

(Above) Mr. Harris whose advancing baldness was checked by the timely use of Silvikrin—see what a splendid head of hair he has now! He writes:

Cranebrook House,
Sumner Hill,
Near Lichfield, Staffs.

'I had a nervous breakdown 18 months ago which caused my hair to fall out very badly. I had bald patches. I was ashamed to pull my hat off. Then I saw your advertisement and I got a small bottle of Silvikrin. When I had used my third bottle my head had lost all its bald patches. Today, May 11th 1937, I have got a very good head of hair. Silvikrin is worth its weight in gold.'

(Signed) Joseph Harris.

Years of brilliant research work at last led Dr. Weidner, the celebrated biochemist, to the discovery of the fourteen separate organic elements that the bloodstream should supply to the hair root. These fourteen he compounded in Nature's exact proportions, in Silvikrin. Silvikrin, then, is Nature's own hair food, and *if the root is still alive Silvikrin will make hair grow.* Dandruff disappears, hair stops falling, and new hair grows on bald patches—as hundreds of hair specialists, *and hundreds of thousands of sufferers, have proved.* Look up what *you* need in the table on the right — and get your Silvikrin *to-day!*

WHAT YOU NEED:

SILVIKRIN LOTION for your daily hair-dressing to protect you from dandruff and falling hair, to keep the scalp healthy and the hair vigorous, lustrous, and well groomed. If you still possess a healthy head of hair, the regular use of Silvikrin Lotion will maintain it in perfect condition. Bottles, 1/6, 3/6, 8/-.

PURE SILVIKRIN, the concentrated natural hair food in cases of severe dandruff, heavy loss of hair, thinning hair, bald patches and threatening baldness. 6/-, sufficient for one month. *From chemists, hairdressers and stores.*

Silvikrin

DOES GROW HAIR

L-44-H

He's tested every type..

...but found Bondman the coolest smoke of all

Jobs that strain the nerves make a man doubly particular about his tobacco—doubly appreciative of Bondman's cool, serene smoking.

LLOYDS'

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TOBACCO

10D PER OZ. • EMPIRE BLEND

11½D PER OZ. RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA

The Coolest Smoke of all!

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.) Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

MAKE CERTAIN OF YOUR FAMILY'S FUTURE

and your own future as well!

THIS can be done easily, safely. The Heritage Endowment Policies of the Prudential Assurance Co. are specially designed to meet the needs of married men. Not only does this offer a protection for his wife or dependent, but the man himself receives an income after the age of 60. Thus, while protecting your wife or dependents in the event of your early death, you are making a provision for an income or capital sum on retirement. An illustration is given on page 23. Get full particulars of how to provide for your future comfort and independence, which can be obtained free and without obligation, by filling in the coupon in the Prudential announcement on page 23.

★ *Accept this unique*

HEALTH OFFER

IF you are run down, lack appetite and zest for life, fill in the coupon in the announcement on page 14, for Special Trial Supply of 40 tablets of Yestamin, the wonderful vitamin yeast treatment. Enclose 3d. stamp for postage, etc.

EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

GASTRITIS, ACIDITY, AND PAIN AFTER EATING DISAPPEAR LIKE MAGIC

YOU need not suffer a Single Day longer from Mealtime Discomfort. Sufferers from Acidity, Heartburn, Sour Stomach, Fermentative Dyspepsia, Gastritis, or Gastric Catarrh, Wind, Flatulence, Fulness after meals, and all forms of acid indigestion have been cured by **Shadforth Acidity Tablets (No. 1,877)**. Popularly known as "White Lions." Why restrict yourself to a narrow diet? Eat in moderation and enjoy your favourite dishes without unpleasant after-effects. This prescription is non-purgative. You feel easier in five minutes. Note the steady improvement, clean tongue, moist mouth and throat; flatulence vanished, long sour face replaced by such broad, sweet smiles that your friends marvel at the magic change. Send at once for "White Lions."

Make your mealtimes happier. A trial will prove that "White Lions" are THE WORLD'S GREATEST REMEDY FOR INDIGESTION.

Price 6d. (24), 1/6 (72), 2/6 (144), 7/- (432 Lions), with directions.
Special Book on Indigestion Cures, and on Treating of Digestive Troubles (J.B.314), post free.

Send for this prescription privately packed and post free at prices (abroad extra) from

SHADFORTH PRESCRIPTION SERVICE Ltd.

DISPENSING CHEMISTS, PRESCRIPTION SPECIALISTS,

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GOODY! WE'RE HAVING DELICIOUS "PUFFED" WHEAT FOR BREAKFAST, AGAIN

SHIRLEY TEMPLE

Star of "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," a 20th Century-Fox Production

SHIRLE... home "Puffed" Wheat ... to the grocer's 'cause ... nutlike flavour.
"Puff... he food that's "shot ... ery nourishing grain ... ly exploded to eight ti... ize. That makes them sp... igest, so that you get their ... more quickly and easily. T... mily to a real Shirley T... fast tomorrow as thousands ... convenient. Just pour it ... et and serve.

"PUFFED" BRAND WHEAT

P. 256

The Mysterious Overcoat

(*Continued from previous page*)

Later he 'phoned me to join him at a supper party.

I told him it was all very fine, considering he had bagged my overcoat.

His answer was: "You've got to come. Why not put on that mysterious coat you got in India? When they see that scarlet lining they'll think you're a Russian nobleman."

He was right. The coat—and the scarlet lining—caused quite a sensation.

We went on to a night club, and I reached the cloakroom counter just as another man was leaving.

He was a Hindu, and was tipping the attendant as I took off my coat trying my best to conceal the conspicuous lining.

But the Hindu saw it and seemed startled.

He tried to hide his agitation by looking at his wristwatch and remarking, "I have more time than I thought. I'm going back to join my friends. Perhaps the rain will stop later."

And he followed me back into the restaurant and sat down with three other Hindus at an adjoining table.

OF course, I couldn't resist telling my friends, and the Hindus did their best to eavesdrop on our conversation.

We were a long time over supper, but none of the Hindus moved until we did.

Then they got up and hurried past us to the cloakroom.

We called a taxi. The Hindus called another. But they did not start until we did, and then it was obvious that they were following us.

Of course, we linked them up with my coat and its scarlet lining.

When we pulled up at a flat in Kensington the Hindus' taxi stopped at the next house. We left our cab ticking over and went in for a final drink.

Peeping through the blind we could see the Hindus still waiting.

To see what they would do I went out, paid our taxi, then returned indoors. This did not shake them off. They waited.

We waited, too, for about half an hour, and then walked out. As we passed them, we said audibly, "Let's walk."

They paid off their cab and followed us on foot and we walked them nearly to Westminster before we picked up a cruising cab which took us to my flat.

Even then the Hindus did not give up, and for the rest of the night they took it in turns to patrol up and down outside.

One was still there in the morning.

I went out and asked him point-blank why I was being watched.

He said politely that I was making a mistake, and that he was waiting for his friend next door.

"I know the people next door," I said. "Can I help you by giving them a message?"

"NO," lisped the Hindu. "It doesn't matter."

And he walked away.

I did not see him again, but within a quarter of an hour one of his friends was lurking in the gardens across the Square.

And this went on for three weeks.

Whenever I left the house in my scarlet-lined coat I was followed.

Yet, when I was not wearing it they left me alone—except one day when I was carrying a suitcase.

They must have guessed that I had the coat inside.

I was taking it to a tailor's to have the scarlet lining changed for black, and to have every seam searched to see if secret papers had been concealed.

The tailor found nothing. Nothing at all—except that the coat had been taken in at the small of the back to conceal a hole, singed round the edges, which might have been made by a small-calibred revolver bullet.

A bullet in the back. . . .

Memories surged up of ill-lit streets in the native quarter of Calcutta, the stealthy slinking figures. The pad-pad of bare feet—assassins' feet.

All very melodramatic. But I couldn't shake those memories off.

There *was* something evil about that coat. . . .

I resolved never to wear it again.

BUT, of course, I did.

My brother was always borrowing my clothes, and one night I put on the coat to meet some friends at Charing Cross.

I was followed to the station, just as I was always followed when I wore the wretched garment.

But, in the crowd, I managed to shake off my Hindu shadow.

I was feeling quite pleased with myself when I noticed that I had another watcher—a new one.

He had left the train on which my friends had arrived, and there was something vaguely familiar about him.

I hadn't seen the other men in the car very clearly that night in Calcutta, but I could swear this fellow was one of them.

He was hard-bitten, bronzed, a typical Anglo-Indian. He caught my eye and strode across the platform.

"That coat," he snapped.

"Yes, sir?"

"That coat—it's er—it's . . . But it's really not my business, and I'm damned if I'll be mixed up in it."

"But—but, what the . . ."

He was gone.

After this, the square outside my flat was even more closely watched.

A Hindu in a white turban was on duty almost all day and all night, and he always carried a suitcase.

When I spoke to him, he said he was waiting for his master.

One evening some friends dropped in and told me that this Hindu had taken their taxi when they paid it off.

Having told them the story of the coat, they wanted to see it.

I found the wardrobe locked and the key gone.

Finally, I had to prise open the door. The coat had vanished. And so had the scarlet lining which I had kept for curiosity.

After that we saw no more Indians, and the only sequel was that I received a receipt for the tailor's bill for the new lining and repairs.

I went round and said I had not paid.

The tailor told me that an Indian servant had come in, asked for my bill, and paid it in my name.

Well, I ask you—I suppose those Hindus stole the coat. But why?

What was its secret? Who was its first owner? Why that bullet-hole in the back?

Many men have tried to probe the mysteries of the East and vanished, leaving no trace of their fate.

Perhaps the man who wore that coat was one of them.

Next week's "Strangest Adventure" is by Frank Swinnerton, author and critic.

Not from the BBC

For Liars Only . .

ALL lies I loathe; the truth exact
I cultivate, for faultless fact
My appetite is keen;
"You can't believe," I often tell
A hostess when I say farewell,
"How very bored I've been!"

When asked at home why I'm so late,
"Alas! my dear," I frankly state,
"I on a pub crawl went!"
And when I make a tax return
I set forth clearly all I earn
And then add ten per cent.!

The foregoing is my entry for the National Liars' Competition.

And if it doesn't win, I'll be forced to conclude that a gas meter has been entered under an assumed name.

Raising coin to build a new grandstand for the Bognor Regis football club is the purpose of the competition, which should bring to light talent hitherto employed merely for appeasing domestic anger, selling a greyhound with a defective carburettor, or earning the means to liquidate an urgent thirst.

As there is apparently no restriction upon contestants, it is a nice question whether mere husbands can compete with, say, politicians without losing their amateur status.

And surely it is unfair that office-boys, who only get a chance to practise during the football season, when there is heavy mortality among their female relatives, should have to enter on equal terms with lawyers, who are in practice all the year round.

The trouble, of course, is that most of us, instead of being taught the value of skilled prevarication in early youth, are fobbed off with advice to emulate the late G. Washington.

So many a youngster has to try the hazardous experiment of chopping down the old pot's favourite cherry tree and confessing thereto before he discovers that telling the truth is an altogether too painful pastime to be indulged in with impunity.

Happily the Washington complex rarely lasts into adult life, so there should be no lack of entries for the Bognor Regis tournament.

Ye anglers of old England,
Whose catches grow in weight
Each time to wondering listeners
Their history you relate;
Likewise, ye gifted golfers,
Who do the eighth in two
When nobody is looking,
Here's man-size work for you!
So uppercut your conscience,
Let fancy freely roam,
Show you can play as well away
As oft you've done at home!

Y. Z.

FEEL BETTER

If you'll drink at least once a day a glass of Sandeman Port you'll eat better, sleep better, work better. A wine of such superb quality as Sandeman cannot fail to do you good.

from 5/- per bottle

SANDEMAN PORT

£315

FIRST PRIZE £15
SECOND £5
THIRD £3
FOURTH £2
TEN PRIZES each £1

A young centre forward named Waite
Missed an open goal—and to relate
He turned very red
When somebody said

SOME RHYMES:
Bait, abate, await, abdicate, adequate, advocate, agitate, compensate, date, debate, delicate, depreciate, elate, educate, fate, gate, great, hate, inflate, irritate, late, mate, plate, rate, skate, sedate, slate, state, straight, stimulate, translate, tolerate, wait.

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Cruelless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper, and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Cruelless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12),
WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.
Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, October 7, 1938. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor.
414a

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

Women who value

Health and Looks

guard against

IRON-STARVATION!

Why are so many women pale and listless, with colourless lips, lack-lustre eyes, and dull, lifeless hair? Why do so many women suffer from headaches, lack of appetite, indigestion, nerves, pain, and weakness?

Medical research has revealed that these symptoms so prevalent among women are due to *Iron Starvation*. It has been justly said that *Iron Starvation* is Woman's Worst Enemy.

Now doctors are urging the importance of all women taking medicinal iron to prevent the health and beauty-destroying effects of *Iron Starvation*.

Remarkable results have been obtained by taking Iron 'Jelloids' with meals. For Iron 'Jelloids' contain the vital iron everyone needs, in an easily digested and assimilated form.

Even the apparently healthy derive amazing benefit from Iron 'Jelloids'. Appetite and digestion improve, nerves become stronger, energy and vitality are increased. Skin blemishes disappear, the complexion glows with the lovely bloom of health, lips become richly red, eyes sparkle with the brilliance of vigorous health and the hair grows thick and lustrous.

Get your first large box today!

"Iron 'Jelloids'—better than Beauty Treatment"

"Iron 'Jelloids' amazed me! Two boxes made not only a great difference to my health, but also to my appearance. I have more colour and my friends say how much younger I look. My hairdresser remarked on the wonderful improvement in my hair. Iron 'Jelloids' are certainly better than any 'beauty treatment'." (Miss)——

Iron Jelloids

For WOMEN: No. 2. For MEN: No. 2A (*containing quinine*). For CHILDREN: No. 1.

fortify you with IRON-strength to overcome

Weakness — Exhausted Nerves — Lack of Energy — Liability to Colds — Breathlessness — Palpitation — Poor Appetite — Weak Digestion — Headaches — Pallor — Failing Hair — Pimples — Brittle Nails

Of all chemists and stores
3/- (56 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

The word 'Jelloids' is reg. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

COUPON for FREE BOOK

To The Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd.,
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Please send me your new free booklet "IRON STARVATION, the Thief of Health and Strength"
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Post unsealed under ½d. stamp. Use BLOCK letters.

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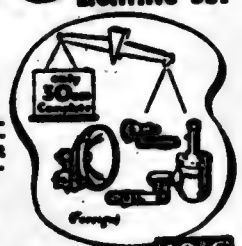

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10/6

Ingrown NAIL

Pain stops instantly!

A few drops of Dr. Scholl Brand Onixol in the crevice stops pain at once; the inflamed and irritated tissues are quickly healed and infection prevented. Then the nail grows out normally and straight. From all Chemists and Dr. Scholl's Depots 1/3 bottle.

Dr Scholl ONIXOL

Enjoy Vigorous Healthy Hair with this *New* HAIR DRESSING *and* SOAPLESS SHAMPOO.

—You can try them FREE!

ACCEPT this double offer. A trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic to improve your scalp and keep your hair perfectly in place, and 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo. All you need do is to send two penny stamps with your name and address to Dept. J.B.15, Chesebrough Manufg. Co. Cons'd, Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. Send to-day and end at once all your dry scalp troubles!

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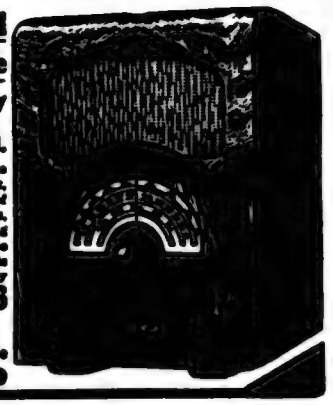
The Graves new 'VULCAN' 4-Valve Battery THREE-WAVEBAND SUPERHET is the greatest success of the Radio World.



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This marvellous scientific triumph is available for every home—Full range of reception from Short, Medium and Long-wave stations; clearest reproduction of Musical performances, Entertainments, Sports events, World-wide news and actual voices of the most interesting speakers and personalities. This magnificent full size Walnut Set compares favourably with Sets at double price, and is offered on the most beneficial terms without extra charge. Backed by Graves 40 years' reputation, on full approval, for 5/6 now, and 5/6 monthly. Nothing else to buy. Total Price £6:17:6

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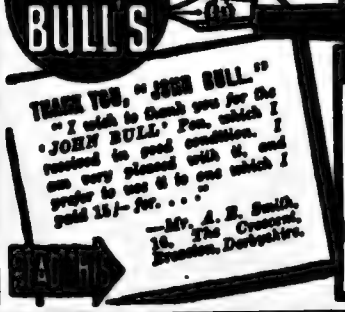
THANK YOU, "JOHN BULL."
"I wish to thank you for the 'JOHN BULL' Pen, which I received in good condition. I am very pleased with it, and prefer to use it to one which I paid 15/- for. . . ."
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Reader's Story by W. H. Bradford
82, Richmond Avenue, London, N.1.

Send us your story of real-life adventure, not exceeding 1,200 words. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. A stamped addressed envelop should be sent with each contribution.

The General Laughed at Dawn

Quick as lightning I brought my gun to bear on him. "Drop that gun, General!" I barked, "or I fire!"

FROM my hut I could look across the square at the barred window of the jail, and, on my right, to a white-washed wall, pitted with bullet holes, where the firing squad had been busy.

Depressing, indeed. For I was a rebel prisoner, and in a Mexican revolution the rule is to shoot first and ask questions later.

You see, Mexicans object to foreigners who mix themselves up in their quarrels.

My captor, the Federal General Arnulfo Manzanares, had been very plain about that.

"You foreigners have meddled and interfered in Mexico too long," he roared.

"We shall make an example of you. . . . Take him away."

With twelve rough-riders, I had been fighting in the revolt against President Obregon.

We had ridden into a gully and found ourselves surrounded by the enemy before we—or they, for that matter—knew what was happening.

After being escorted to Manzanares' headquarters, my men were thrown into the jail opposite, but I was locked up in the hut with a sentry all to myself.

General Manzanares was taking no chances with the foreigner.

Night faded into day. Soon after dawn a private soldier brought a chair and placed it in the centre of the square.

Before it he spread a red and black rug, on which he stood a small table complete with a bottle of *tequila* (fiery Mexican liquor), a glass, salt, lemon, a box of cigars and matches.

It looked a sinister entertainment—for we rebels!

Some minutes later, accompanied by two other officers, General Manzanares strutted across from the barracks. He sat down in the chair with an officer on either side.

Then there emerged from the jail a squad of seven men in charge of a captain.

They carried rifles at the slope, and between them, heavily manacled, were three of my men.

The little procession was halted in a line facing the table, the soldiers standing to attention behind the three prisoners.

General Manzanares leisurely selected a cigar, lit it, and puffed a few times reflectively.

At last he brought his gaze to bear upon the men.

Having scrutinised them for some moments, he uttered one word only:

"Guilty."

No one answered him. He poured some *tequila* into the glass, put a pinch of salt on his tongue, swallowed the drink, sucked a slice of lemon, and then said laconically:

"Let them be shot."

My three comrades were marched away and stood against the wall. The six riflemen faced them—five paces away. A sergeant took his place to the left, an officer to the right.

"Want your eyes bandaged?" asked the officer.

The doomed men shook their heads. The squad fired. . . .

When he had finished his drink the General rose from the table, followed by his aides-de-camp, sauntered from the square and disappeared into barracks.

FOR the next four mornings the horrible ritual proceeded in exactly the same way.

On the fifth morning I was the only one left.

I was reserved as the final tit-bit. . . .

"Your turn to-morrow, amigo," said the sentry cheerfully.

And sure enough, at dawn next morning, the same ceremony was enacted, with the difference that *I* stood there before the General and the firing squad behind *me*.

Obviously I had only a few minutes to live.

The General lit his cigar.

"Guilty," he said and spat.

Clearly, unless I did something at once, his next words were my death-knell. I braced myself.

"GENERAL," I said, "I was caught fair and square. I am an Irishman, and you have no quarrel with the Irish as such.

"On the contrary, many good Mexicans are descended from Irish—Obregon, the president, himself. What's to stop you giving me a chance?"

He took a swig of *tequila*, and leered.

"Can you shoot?"

"I am considered a good shot," I replied, "if not your equal, perhaps."

General Manzanares was regarded as the best pistol shot in the Mexican Army, and was proud of his prowess.

"Bueno!" he said. "We will shoot it out. You beat me and you go free. If I beat you, well, the *muchachos*," indicating the firing squad, "are ready! Are you willing?"

It was a grisly jest and he knew it. He and his aides roared with laughter.

Then I was handed a seven-chamber Colt automatic. Two playing cards were nailed to the wall three metres apart, and we stood fifteen paces away.

Manzanares turned, facing me and, sideways to the target, raised his revolver and took aim.

Here was my one chance. Quick as lightning I brought my gun to bear on the fourth button of his tunic.

"Drop that gun, General!" I barked, "or I fire!"

He froze into absolute immobility, then turned his head slowly and our eyes met. His hand opened and his revolver fell to the ground.

"DON'T shoot, boys," he muttered, "the Irishman has the drop on me!"

They were unlikely to shoot, for the General was hated by his soldiers.

Retrieving his gun quickly, I called out:

"What shall we do with him, soldiers?"

"Manzanares is a pig!" shouted one of the officers. "Shoot him, senor. We are with you!"

That was all I wanted to know. I had him bound and put in the jail.

Then I addressed his men and, to cut a long story short, I talked more than one hundred of them into changing sides.

They were fully armed, well-mounted and had nine machine guns.

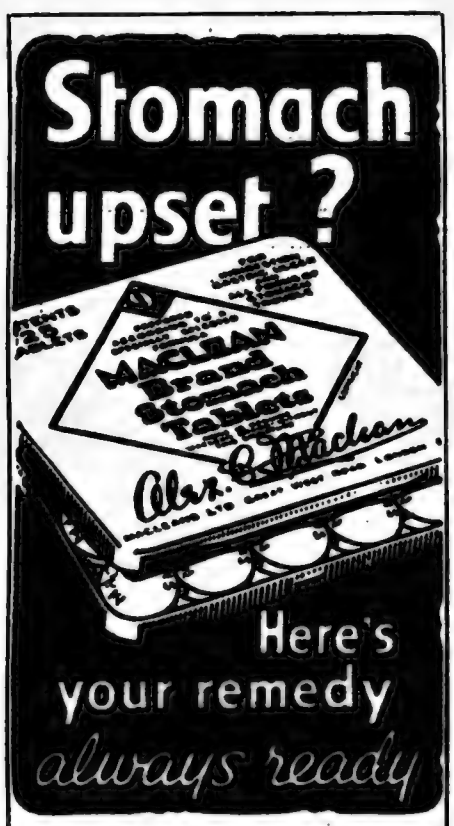
Two days later I led them into the rebel camp to join my friends.

A Question of Cooking

B	A		O	N

One more letter is wanted, in the vacant space above, to complete a word aptly answering the Clue, "Steak is easier to cook than this."

What is your choice? Turn to page 38, find apt Answers to all the Clues in this week's fascinating JOHN BULL *Crossword, and you may well carry off a grand Life Pension prize.*



With a tin of Maclean Brand Stomach Tablets in your pocket you can stop a Stomach attack like magic. Two or three Tablets after a meal gently and quickly relieve pain, reduce acidity, and put your stomach right.

Handy Pocket Tins 9d. Bottles 1/3, 2/-, 5/-

Look for the Signature Alex. C. Maclean

Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford

GOOD NEWS TO THOSE WHO HAVE WISHED FOR WAY TO WHITEN TEETH

Readers who are tired of trying new dentifrices claiming to make their teeth white overnight, will be interested in the discovery of what actually does whiten teeth—surely and safely.

A certain brand of magnesia will do this, and only one dentifrice contains it. 'Milk of Magnesia' is what whitens the tooth enamel. The new type of toothpaste, called Phillips' Dental Magnesia, contains 75% 'Milk of Magnesia.' A few days from the time you begin to use this on your teeth, they will be distinctly whiter. You won't have to imagine the improvement. Your mirror will show it plainly. Your friends will notice it. 'Milk of Magnesia' causes a certain chemistry in the mouth, and the dullest teeth brighten and whiten under it.

But that is not the main reason the dental profession is urging the use of this dentifrice. 'Milk of Magnesia' is the most effective neutraliser of destructive mouth acids yet discovered. Tartar does not even form in the mouth that is kept alkaline by constant use of Phillips' Dental Magnesia. It keeps the gums hard, and the gumline safe from decay. And, as we have said, the teeth as white as if they had been "bleached."

Don't be misled by toothpastes just claiming to contain magnesia; it is 'Milk of Magnesia' that removes the stains and actually whitens the worst discoloured teeth. The words 'Milk of Magnesia' referred to by the writer of this article constitute the trade mark distinguishing Phillips' preparation of Magnesia as originally prepared by The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. To obtain the dentifrice recommended ask for Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Price 6d., 10½d., 1/6 the tube of all chemists and stores.

Do YOU answer 'YES' TO THESE QUESTIONS?

—Do you find it more and more difficult to concentrate?

—Do you struggle against "nameless" unreasonable fears and anxieties?

—Do you get pains in your stomach? in your back or limbs?

—Do your hands tremble when outstretched?

—Do you sleep poorly?

IF YOU ANSWER 'YES' YOU NEED THESE

5 ESSENTIAL MINERAL FOODS

HOW FAMOUS PIANISTS MAINTAIN ASTOUNDING ENERGY

Messrs. Marston & Kay, famous pianists report:

"To give of our best to the public at every performance we must be in the very pink of condition both mentally and physically. And *that* is the reason why we take Dr. Cassells Tablets. We have proved this great remedy to be *the finest tonic for the nerves and body.*"

"Dr. Cassells Tablets saved my life."

"For 4 long months I did not care whether I lived or died. Then, I tried Dr. Cassells Tablets and within 24 hours I was easier. NOW my life is an absolute joy to me!"

Mrs. Graves

—Magnesium, Manganese.

Calcium, Iron, Phosphorus

In these modern days thousands in their thirties, forties and fifties are learning how to escape nerve-torture and depression by means of these five Essential Mineral Foods found in Dr. Cassells Tablets . . . PHOSPHORUS! . . . IRON! . . . MAGNESIUM! . . . MANGANESE! . . . CALCIUM! . . . life-giving . . . rich sources of nerve-vitality . . . foods which give pep and initiative to *men*, charm to *women*. YOU need a course of Dr. Cassells Tablets to smooth away the CAUSE of those strain-and-struggle lines in your face. You need Dr. Cassells Tablets to make an end of the misery-hours of pain and nerviness . . . to bring back a strong steady beat to the Pulse of Life itself!

Every day thousands are finding NEW health because they have taken steps to secure a supply of Dr. Cassells Tablets. That they have been rewarded is patently clear to the WHOLE WORLD! Radiant women! Enthusiastic men! Take Dr. Cassells if YOU suffer from

"NERVES," MALNUTRITION, EXHAUSTION, DEPRESSION, SLEEPLESSNESS, NERVOUS INDIGESTION, LASSITUDE, NERVOUS BREAKDOWN. (R)

Sold everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

Let Dr. CASSELLS TABLETS Brand put your nerves right

- then figure on 'DIGGER'

You can count on Digger for that little extra satisfaction and coolness which makes all the difference in a pipe. Player's make it good—smokers make it popular. Digger has a larger sale than any other Empire Tobacco in the country.

8d PER OZ.

PLAYER'S **DIGGER** SHAG

ALSO FLAKE, MIXTURE & CUT PLUG

P.D.59

You buy with CONFIDENCE when you buy through "JOHN BULL"

The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 29

THE IDEAL HOBBY for MARRIED WOMEN

There's a new interest in life now for thousands of married women, and single girls, too. They are making new friends and extra money, too, by running Littlewood 12. Clubs.

A Littlewood Club is a really pleasant way of getting in touch with new friends without interfering with one's work, without risking any capital, without any unpleasant canvassing.

Apart from the money there is in it, Littlewood Organisers do it because they enjoy it. There's a Coupon on Page 4 which will Bring you, Free, the magnificent 250-page Littlewood Catalogue and full particulars.

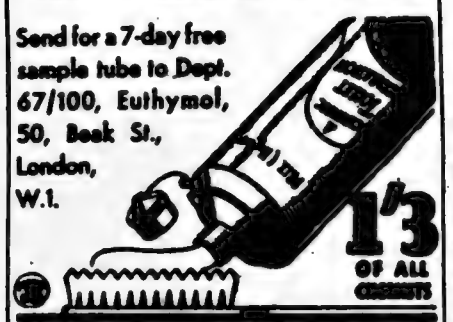
Get that Healthy, Hungry feeling with—

HP SAUCE 9d. and 3d.

The World's Appetiser.

You'll enjoy using Euthymol TOOTH PASTE

Send for a 7-day free sample tube to Dept. 67/100, Euthymol, 50, Beak St., London, W.1.



1/3 OF ALL CHEMISTS

All the better for a bath with a Reckitt's Bath Cube

MADE BY RECKITT & SONS, HULL & LONDON

WANTED — A FRIEND

"Humanist"

invites you to seek his advice when you are worried or perplexed. Address your envelope to 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing a stamped envelope for reply. £1 1s. is paid for each letter quoted.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON once described the three essentials of a happy life:

(1) Good health;

(2) Enough money for everyday needs;

(3) Friends! Friends! Friends!

Every week I get letters from readers who are miserable through loneliness.

Sometimes they are living in isolated places, cut off from their fellow-mortals; but quite often they are living in the middle of a big town or city.

Their problem is the same: "How can I find friends?"

Now, at the outset, it must be said that some people cannot make friends because they scare them away.

An irritable, peppery man cannot expect others to approach him when he reminds them of an angry hedgehog with all his quills sticking out.

A sarcastic, sneering person makes friendliness impossible. He lowers the temperature around him like an iceberg, which can be felt before it comes into sight.

But the readers who write to me are not like this.

They are decent, companionable people who are longing for friendship, but are too shy to make the first advances.

Many are afraid of being snubbed. Perhaps they are a little slow in seizing opportunities when they appear.

* * *

"MY loneliness has compelled me to write you," says a young woman.

"I am twenty-eight, and I have not a single companion because the friends I used to have are all married.

"I have just returned from holidays and find I am not wanted in the company I seek.

"I am refined, smart in appearance, but not by any means a cosmetic fan. I only wish you had the power to put the decent folk in my predicament in touch with one another.

"Hoping for some consolation. . . ."

Now, there is no reason why a woman should lose all her friends because they are married.

During the first few weeks, no doubt, visitors may not be welcomed. The newly wedded are sufficient unto themselves.

But that period is quite short. They soon begin to feel the need for the company of others—provided those others have the sense not to stay too long—and when they have made a pleasant home they are proud to show it to their former friends.

But the finding of friends is a personal problem. It cannot be solved by proxy. They must be deliberately sought and cultivated.

A reader who has no friends must make a special effort—join some club, a reading circle, dramatic society, choral society, study group, or similar organisation.

The majority of churches cater for the social needs of their members in a score of ways—with rambling clubs, chess clubs, young people's guilds, and so forth.

Then there are dozens of possibilities through adult education.

From the end of September to Easter, at least, classes are held in hundreds of subjects from Greek dancing to pottery, from lectures on English literature to discussions of modern problems.

The fees are trivial. Let any lonely man or woman join one or two of these weekly classes and find others with kindred interests.

And when a lonely man joins such a class let him go right in and look as if he belonged to it.

I mention this because the timid souls usually choose a seat nearest the door and slip away before anyone can get a chance of speaking to them.

No, I am afraid it is impossible for me to find friends for other people, but I have suggested several practicable methods, and I hope they will be tried in earnest.

Here is another letter, this time from a young man in a more difficult situation.

"I am twenty-one years of age," he writes, "and I am told that I am suffering from tuberculosis.

"I entered this sanatorium about two months ago, and have the prospect of spending many more months here.

"Being confined to bed, I become restless and at times depressed, for I have always been fairly energetic, playing cricket, swimming and dancing.

"I can find happiness in writing letters, but, unfortunately, I have not many people to write to.

"Would it be possible for you to introduce me to some 'pen friends'?

* * *

"IF you have ever seen the joy of patients when they receive letters in bed you will understand the happiness a few words can give them."

Yes, I have seen that joy on the faces of patients when they receive letters, and I do fully understand the happiness which a few lines from a friend can give.

The young man cannot go in search of friends nor can he draw them to his bedside.

But I cannot advertise for letter writers for reasons which will be obvious.

Still, there is one suggestion I should like to make to him. He already has a few people who write to him.

Why should not every one of these be asked to find one more. That would double the number right away.

Let that process be repeated two or three times and he will be snowed under: Six, twelve, twenty-four, forty-eight. . . .

Out of the great number of people who write he is bound to find a few who are worth cultivating.

* * *

A THIRD letter comes from a young man who is keen on writing stories and plays, but he is suffering from too much of his own company. He tells me:

"Living a more or less solitary life has imprisoned me in a cell of depression and has sapped my creative energy.

"I feel that if I could get among literary folk I should be revitalised.

"People who cannot be bothered with literature and drama bore and irritate me.

"By this you must not think I am a snob. Indeed, I detest snobs.

"I am only an ordinary sort of fellow who has had a moderate education . . . and I am an intense student of character.

"People and their ways are a constant source of interest to me. That is why your page is so immensely interesting and valuable."

* * *

I RECOGNISE the young man's need for "social contacts," but am by no means sure that he ought to be craving for the society of literary people.

The man who wants to achieve success as a writer of stories and plays must be primarily interested in ordinary humanity—humanity in its shirt-sleeves.

These are the people the young writer must know. They are his raw material, his daily bread.

There is one other matter I might mention which may surprise him—namely, that the "real" literary people do not usually discuss literary subjects.

But they do talk about money, holidays, food, clothes, politics, births, marriages and deaths—the subjects which interest the average man and woman.

"Greatest of These"

DURING the war, Mr. G. T. Fletcher was Company-Sergeant-Major in the 18th Canadians.

May 31 this year was a disastrous day for him. He met with an accident at work which still leaves him unfit to resume his normal occupation.

Compensation payments have now ceased. His wife and two children are living on an allowance from the Public Assistance Committee.

Everything of value has been pawned. More than £10 is owing for rent, as well as other small debts.

Mr. Fletcher is in despair, for his landlord is becoming impatient.

Will our readers be as generous as possible to help this man keep his home together until he is able to work again?

Donations should be earmarked "Sergeant," and addressed to the Hon. Secretary, War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. They will be acknowledged where names and addresses

DRY SCALP

makes hair dry and lifeless

Use this

HAIR DRESSING

that relieves Dry Scalp

DRY Scalp starts with dry hair. Then your hair gradually begins to fall out, you get scurf, dandruff, and finally you go bald.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to relieve Dry Scalp. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger-tips until scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hair dressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; *at the same time it does your scalp good all day long*. Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger. You'll *feel* and *look* smarter.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is a very economical hair dressing. You need only a little. 1/6 and 3/- (3 times as much in larger bottle). Prices not applicable to Eire.

MARVELLOUS FREE OFFER: For a trial bottle of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic and a packet of 'Vaseline' Soapless Shampoo send two penny stamps with your name and address (in block letters) to Dept. J.B. 15 Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

The hair dressing that relieves DRY SCALP

NEW!

'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO makes your scalp cleaner! (Soap leaves scum on scalp as on side of bath.) Price 6d.

1206

TO

JOYCE SAUNDERS

now a fourteen-year-old orphan and sole survivor of the family—father, mother, and two brothers—who perished in the Edmonton Air Disaster.

FULL STORY OF THE TRAGEDY ON PAGE 9.

UNDER ITS UNPARALLELED FREE INSURANCE GIFT, "JOHN BULL" IS THE ONLY PAPER IN THE WORLD THAT PROVIDES SUCH A BENEFIT.

If you have not registered, use Forms below to-day!

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 24/9/38.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 24/9/38.

P.S.

Don't forget to look into John Bull's Shop Window—you always find bargains there.

See pages 2 & 3.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write today for the Graves Display of latest Fashions showing the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest prices, on the fairest of Easy Terms.

Glendale

Beautifully Tailored Stroller Coat designed in the newest fashion in a very reliable heavy Prince Tweed of neat chevron weave with fancy coloured check on the reverse side. Smartly cut collar, welted pockets and front trimmed with machine stitching, and sleeves have overlaid seams & novel cuffs. There is also an overlaid centre seam at the back which terminates in a stylish vent at the hem. These seams are well bound, & body and sleeves are lined with toning Art. Silk. Shades of Brown/Lovat, Lido/Black, Heather Mixture, and Green/Wine. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. (Busts 32 to 50ins.). Lengths: 45ins. Price **22/6**

Terms: 2/6 monthly.

PATTERNS FREE

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR EASY PAYMENTS

Write for full range of cloth Patterns of Newest Models; Coats Costumes, Frocks, Underwear, &c., in latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment required, with self-measurement Form & full particulars. Sent per return, Post Free. Styles and Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maids' and Girls' Fashions, and we offer excellent value in Footwear, Furs, Makeups' Clothing, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. **SHEFFIELD**

2/6 Monthly

BLOOD TROUBLES, ABSCESSES, BOILS

Wonderful tributes are received daily for benefits derived from Vitadatio, the Famous Herbal Remedy. Mrs. Walton, Newbury, Rochdale, writes:—

"For four years I had one Abscess after another. I had four operations, the last being on the Spine, which discharged 20 months. I tried Vitadatio and after two bottles felt my back easier, so persevered with it. I have now been working two years and keeping fit."

Vitadatio is invaluable for Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Troubles. If you are a sufferer—do not give up hope—Get a bottle to-day. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors, Chemists, Stores, 2/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post (6d. extra in U.K.) From VITADATIO, ARMLEY, LEEDS. **Write for FREE BOOK** S.W. 1a1.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/6 per month (less than 2d. a day) buys the Graves "FLIGHT" Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrom Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars, Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories, Carr. Paid £4:10:0 or 5/6 monthly No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £5:12:10 Terms: 6/11 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles' & Tandems. Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

5/6 now

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

Women who Value HEALTH and LOOKS— Send for this FREE BOOK!

IF you suffer from headaches, lack of appetite, nerves, pain and general weakness, learn how iron, in an assimilable form, will restore you to health and bloom! Fill in the Coupon in the Iron Jelloids announcement on p. 29 for an informative free book, entitled "*Iron Starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength.*" Send for this to-day!

"JOHN BULL'S" POOLS PARLIAMENT

GIMCRACK SYSTEMS

IF you want to win pool dividends you must be prepared to work for them.

My task during the summer has been a very careful study of last year's coupons, and my discoveries have been well worth it.

Concentrating on the 5-results pool, I first analysed the results into 1's, 2's and x's for each coupon line.

That gave me the four lines in which there were most 1's.

Taking these four lines only (Nos. 1, 3, 7 and 9), I found that in 13 weeks they contained three 1's between them. That gave me my system.

Take any three for 1's from this four (4 lines) and combine with a full permutation for any two other matches—total entry, 36 lines. This would have made a profit of 642 points last season.—F. L. C., Caterham.

Sorry, but you are putting the cart before the horse. It is a mistake to frame a system to fit past results and work out what they *would* have won!

There is no reason why the sequences of results you have been working on should ever occur again.

Best plan is to put away all your past records, until you have built your system on the only sound basis—forecasting. Then use past records to *test* your ideas.

Past History

As a woman pool enthusiast, may I ask what is the good of looking up past seasons' records for the corresponding matches played?

Practically all teams change some players every season, and therefore are not the same teams as when they last met.—Mrs. E. N. F., Leyland, Lancs.

True, and yet every team seems to have a "bogy," against whom they rarely play well. Two examples this season are the results of Aston Villa *v.* Derby and Brentford *v.* Arsenal.

A possible explanation is that the particular style of one team prevents the other side from playing their natural game.

Personally, I delve into past history only when I cannot decide between two otherwise equal forecasts.

Don't Buy This

I noticed an advertisement recently offering for sale a method of guaranteeing three correct results in a penny pool for an outlay of 2s. 3d.

The price of this system is 7s. 6d.! Surely anyone can guarantee three correct results in 27 lines?—W. W., Levenshulme.

Thank you for bringing this to my notice. This is merely the full permutation of three matches, but as some punters may not know them, here are the markings

```
1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 x x x x x x x x x
          2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2
1 1 1 x x x 2 2 2 1 1 1 x x x 2 2 2
          1 1 1 x x x 2 2 2
1 x 2 1 x 2 1 x 2 1 x 2 1 x 2 1 x 2 1 x
          2 1 x 2 x 1 2 x 1 2
```

Paying Method

Here is a simple system for those who back draws—and it has shown a consistent profit in the past.

Now that the League tables are taking shape, select the highest team in each League playing away and back it as a draw. This gives you five teams to group in threes by the usual permutations.

This system can also be used to find away winners, but draws are the most likely.—S. C., Alcester (who receives half-a-guinea for his helpful tip).

The idea is soundly based. Teams are at the top of the table largely on account of their ability to gain points away from home. It is correct to use the League tables at this time in the season, but, later on, they cease to represent *recent* form only. Then it is better to make up your own League tables from the last eight matches (say) played by each club.

Warning You

Most of us know how hard it is to find "four aways."

Last week I succeeded in doing this, so you can imagine my dismay when I learnt that my entry bore a late postmark and was therefore disqualified.

A tip to others—post early!—W. L. H., West Ewell.

Hard lines, W. L. H.! It is a good plan to make Thursday night coupon night. Another tip—don't rely on anybody else to post your coupon. Do it yourself!

Penance

I disagree with your suggestion that the dividends on a 20-match "all wrong" pool would be negligible—unless you consider 2,850 to 1 negligible. Perhaps you will check my calculation.—L. H. R., Manchester.

You're right! When I wrote that paragraph I had in mind the dividends on existing penny pools. Compared with £10,000 or more to 1d. (nearly two and a half millions to one) the odds you mention seem quite small. As a penance, I checked your calculation, and agreed with you—approximately.

Another System

I am going to work on a 7-results pool all this season.

With a stake of 5s., can you suggest a system which would include three or four bankers?—C. S. R., Stockport.

Three bankers, plus the following markings for ten other selections, will guarantee a correct line provided your bankers are correct and you have not more than three errors in your other forecasts.

```
— — 1 — — — 1 1 — 1
— — 1 1 1 1 — — — —
— 1 — — 1 — — 1 1 —
1 — — — — 1 — — 1 1
1 1 — 1 — — 1 — — —
— — 1 — — — 1 1 — 1
— — 1 1 1 1 — — — —
— 1 — — 1 — — 1 1 —
1 — — — — 1 — — 1 1
1 1 — 1 — — 1 — — —
```

This system is for a pool in which seven matches are to be selected from a longer list—*not* for a seven-out-of-seven pool.

Small investors should refer to the *Sporting Life Weekly* on Saturday for special penny entries designed by "Poolex." This is one of the many features included in the *Weekly's* comprehensive pools service.

Conducted By "POOLEX," JOHN BULL'S Famous Expert

This is your page — say what you like, ask what you want to know about your winter hobby. If a problem to be solved or an opinion to express concerning football pools, write to JOHN BULL Pools Parliament, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GRADED GUIDE AGAIN

Copyright by "Poolex"

Now that sufficient matches have been played by each team, "Poolex" is able to produce his Graded Guide, that unique method of comparing recent form which proved so successful last season.

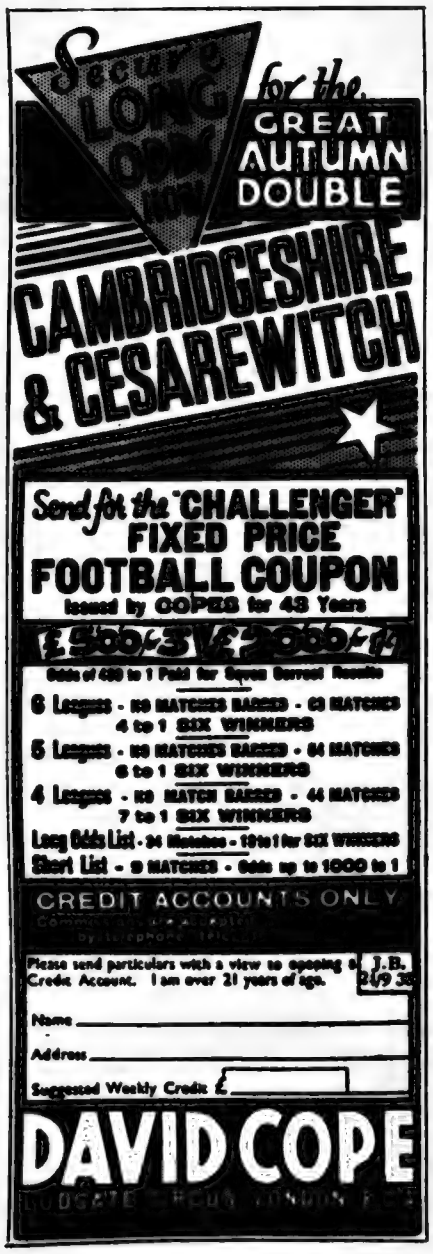
Below are the games to be played on Saturday, September 24, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a guide to the likely results.

Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest home winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely away winners choose from those at the end of the second list.

Points in Favour of Home Teams.	
78	Sheffield W. v. Swansea
53	East Fife v. Edinburgh
47	Crewe v. Lincoln
46	Cowdenbeath v. Morton
45	Newcastle v. Southampton
44	Airdrie v. Leith
43	Rotherham v. Hartlepools
42	Celtic v. Raith R.
41	Swindon v. Watford
40	Middlesbrough v. Charlton
39	Dumbarton v. Dundee U.
38	Blackburn v. Manchester C.
37	New Brighton v. Halifax
34	Bury v. Chesterfield
33	Alloa v. Stenhousemuir
32	Bournemouth v. Southend
31	Southport v. Carlisle
30	Motherwell v. Queen's Park
29	West Ham v. Tranmere
28	Dundee v. Forfar
27	Northampton v. Notts C.
26	Millwall v. Plymouth
24	Bradford C. v. Accrington
23	W.B.A. v. Tottenham
18	Derby v. Stoke
17	Reading v. Ipswich
16	St. Bernards v. Dunfermline
15	Third Lanark v. Kilmarnock
14	Liverpool v. Leeds
13	Brighton v. Exeter
12	Hull v. Stockport
11	Newport v. Aldershot
10	Doncaster v. Darlington
9	York v. Wrexham
8	Fulham v. Bradford
7	Luton v. Sheffield U.
6	Bristol R. v. Cardiff
5	Leicester v. Bolton
4	Portsmouth v. Wolves
3	Falkirk v. Hamilton
2	Brentford v. Sunderland
1	Chester v. Barnsley

Points in Favour of Away Teams.	
Birmingham v. Preston	2
Port Vale v. Mansfield	3
Notts F. v. Coventry	8
Blackpool v. Grimsby	9
King's Park v. Brechin	17
Ayr v. Hearts	19
Hibernian v. Aberdeen	20
Arsenal v. Aston Villa	21
Torquay v. Crystal Palace	22
St. Johnstone v. Clyde	23
Partick v. Queen of the South	28
Clapton O. v. Bristol C.	30
Arbroath v. Rangers	32
Walsall v. Queen's Park R.	33
Norwich v. Burnley	35
Montrose v. E. Stirling	37
St. Mirren v. Albion R.	39
Manchester U. v. Chelsea	40
Rochdale v. Gateshead	49
Barrow v. Oldham	62
Huddersfield v. Everton	63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CAMBRIDGESHIRE & CESAREWITCH
Send for the "CHALLENGER" FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL COUPON
Issued by COPES for 43 Years
£500 £3 £2000 £10
Odds of 400 to 1 Paid for Seven Correct Results
6 Leagues - NO MATCHES BARRED - 63 MATCHES 4 to 1 SIX WINNERS
5 Leagues - NO MATCHES BARRED - 54 MATCHES 6 to 1 SIX WINNERS
4 Leagues - NO MATCH BARRED - 44 MATCHES 7 to 1 SIX WINNERS
Long Odds List - 24 Matches - 10 to 1 for SIX WINNERS
Short List - 9 MATCHES - Odds up to 1000 to 1
CREDIT ACCOUNTS ONLY
Please send particulars with a view to opening a Credit Account. I am over 21 years of age. J.B. 24/9/38
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Address
Suggested Weekly Credit £
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BUDGATE HOUSE LONDON E.C.2

Of course I take a laxative

AND THAT IS WHY I LOOK MY BEST EVERY DAY

How soon the attractive glow of health is dimmed simply through neglecting early signs of constipation. It is so important to take Beechams Pills when you feel you need a laxative. For ninety years healthy people have taken this famous family medicine. Start a course of Beechams Pills to-day. Sold everywhere.

Beechams Pills

for over 90 years the supreme remedy for CONSTIPATION, Biliousness, Digestive Upsets and Poor Skin

WORTH A GUINEA A BOX

CROSSWORD No. 126
TERMS AND CONDITIONS

ON page 26 is presented the 126th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles: you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

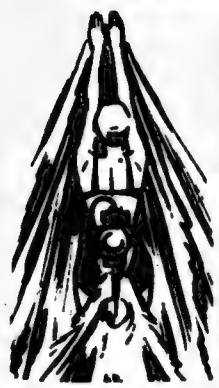
Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee, consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and Doctor C. H. H. Josd, M.A., D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry Form has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied on those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, October 13, 1938. The reasons which dictated the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette," obtainable by endorsing with your entry the coupon on page 26. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one entrant in any one contest.

Acceptance of the decisions of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

The Human Motor-Boat



Fitted to her back she has a tiny petrol engine driving a propeller.

She streaks through the water like a bullet! This human motor-boat is one of many wonders described in "Armchair Science," the magazine that transforms the study of science into an exciting story of discovery and adventure. There are 36 articles and special features and 62 pictures in the September number.

Armchair Science 6d

On Sale Everywhere

A Reminder!

You're bound to find something of interest or value among the "Small Ads. Worth Watching," on page 14.

SKIN DISEASES

Completely and Permanently

BANISHED

30 YEARS' SUCCESS

Psoriasis, Eczema, Ulcerated Legs and all other Skin Troubles, however stubborn, quickly yield to our Individual Herbal Treatment. Write for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

J. ROBINSON & SONS (Bradford) Ltd. 11 EUREKA HSE., BRADFORD, YORKS.

For Weathertight ROOFING—*always use*

PLUVEX

ROOF FELT

★ An Interesting Booklet FREE!

"How to make a sound job for a small roof" is the title of a book which contains a hundred-and-one helpful hints. Post the special coupon in the Pluvex Roof Felt announcement on p. 37 for free copy and samples of Pluvex Felting, or write, mentioning "John Bull," to the Ruberoid Co., Ltd., 139, Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

£35 in Cash Prizes FREE! For Best Last Line to Limerick on Page 29.

THE proprietors of "DIPLOMA" CHEESE offer a first prize of £15 Cash and numerous other cash prizes for the best last line to Limerick in their announcement on page 29. Turn to it now—read the simple conditions, then send in your entry at once. Note closing date, Friday, October 7, 1938. You may send in as many entries as you like provided you comply with the rules. Address your entries: Competition (Dept. 12), Wilts United Dairies, Ltd., Trowbridge, Wilts.

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Gable + Loy + Tracy

SOUVENIR GIFT BOOK

of M.G.M.'s Great Air Drama "Test Pilot"

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JUST OUT 2D. AS USUAL

How soon must a woman grow Old?

Why do some men and women lose their looks, their spirits, their vitality and grow old years before they should?

There's just one reason. Their blood and their glands are getting starved of certain elements needed by the human system. Nature meant our food to give us adequate supplies of Iron, Calcium, Phosphorus, 9 other minerals, Iodine and 6 vitally important Vitamins. Unfortunately modern methods of cooking and preservation destroy most of these.

This is why some people, who need them more than others, get run-down, nervy, irritable, lose their energy and vitality, their looks and their vigour.

If you are getting old before your time, take "Vikelp" with your meals. "Vikelp" replaces the Iron, Calcium and other Mineral elements, the Vitamins and the Food Iodine which Nature meant us to have but which modern cooked foods destroy.

"Vikelp" Tablets contain no drugs. They are simply a chocolate-flavoured concentrate of a wonderful deep-sea plant which is the richest known source of just those elements your food lacks. It contains every one of those 12 Minerals and all the essential Vitamins. Its effects are almost miraculous.

MAKE THIS NO-COST TEST TODAY

If you are weak and run-down, nervous or underweight get a ten-day bottle of "Vikelp" Brand Tablets. If you don't feel and look better, have stronger nerves and banish stomach troubles, the makers will refund your money in full.

SPECIAL FREE OFFER

Tear out this paragraph at once. Send it to us with your name and address and we will send you, absolutely free, a fascinating 50-page book on How to build Strength, Energy, Strong Nerves and Rich Red Blood. New facts about MINERALS, IODINE and VITAMINS. Health Products Laboratories Ltd. (Dept. J.B. 9/3), 128, Baker Street, W.1.

Now Chocolate Flavoured

REVITALIZE WITH **VIKELP** 1/9 & 3/6

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

KEEP FIT

by sending for this

FREE EXERCISE CHART

HERE is a simple straightforward way to ensure physical fitness—at practically no cost. Experts have prepared an illustrated chart of simple home exercises which will help to free stiff joints and reduce overweight. You can have a copy FREE! All you need do is to send 1d. stamp for postage to Fynnon Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), Brentford, Middlesex. That's all! Write for this now. See also p. 16.

NOTE THE EARLIER NEW CLOSING DATE

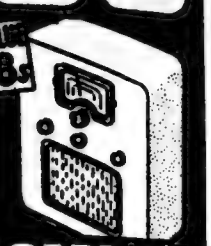
30/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE or £500

£100 BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

Up to 40 ALL-WAVE RADIOS EACH VALUE £8-8s

Cossor, pioneers of radio, supply and fully guarantee these superb superhet Receivers, one of which will be presented with each X-word Runners-up Prize of £2-10s and over.



JOHN BULL'S GREAT NEW PENSION and RADIO X-WORD THURSDAY, SEPT 29

READ THESE RULES

1.—Make entry in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of sixpence for each two squares or two columns submitted. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd. and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Thursday, Sept. 29, 1938.

2.—Each entrant is limited to 8 sixpenny entries, each on an Entry Form provided in this or any other announcement of this Contest.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon. See "Time-Sava" Form for special conditions governing use.

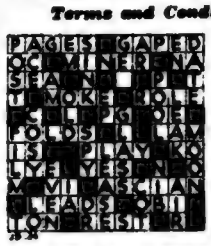
4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, Oct. 13. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, Oct. 18, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared, £500 cash will be paid instead of the Pension Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

Terms and Conditions on page 35



X-WORD No. 124.

The Committee decided the most apt and accurate Answers were those seen in the Square on left.

One blank space indicates that GEE and GEM were Answers of equal merit.

You may enclose "Bullets" with Crosswords—See "Bullets" page.

3 BIG CHEQUES WON IN CROSSWORD No. 124.

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 124, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square were the following 3 competitors, who submitted entries differing at one point only from the most meritorious Set of Answers seen on Square on left.

F. BOOTH, 64, Wilson Street, Derby.
D. DOWNES, 8, Duncan Crescent, Bitterne, Southampton.
Miss J. MIDDLETON, 23, Albert Avenue, Sedgley Park, Manchester.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £650, and a cheque for £216 13s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted an entry eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, September 27, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all entries submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This prize has been divided between 32 competitors from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. These winners will each receive £3 2s. 6d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 315 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

WINNING WORDS.

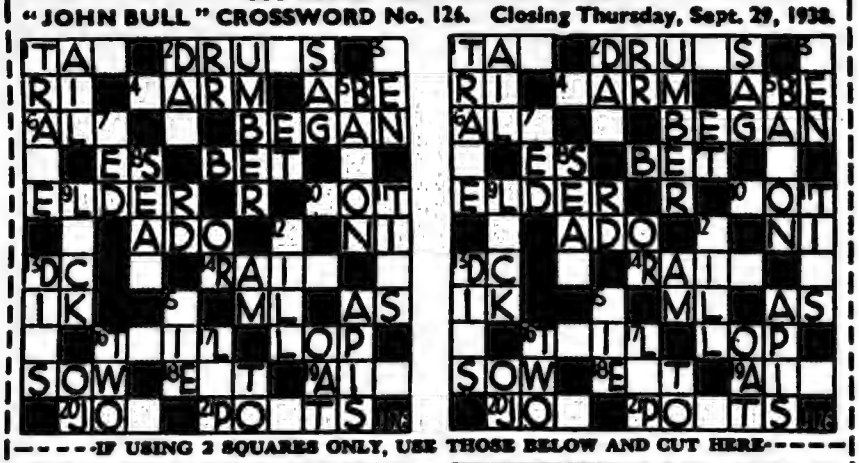
ACROSS—1. PAGES. 4. GAPED. 6. SEA. 9. ROLE. 12. FOLDS. 14. PLAY. 18. LEADS. 19. TON. 20. REST.
DOWN—1. POST. 2. ACE. 3. SINK. 4. GEE or GEM. 5. DATE. 7. POOL. 8. OLD. 10. COSY. 11. GLASS. 12. FILM. 13. MOON. 15. EVEN. 16. NIB. 17. AIR.

USE CLUES ON "TIME-SAVA" FORM TO SOLVE PUZZLE BELOW

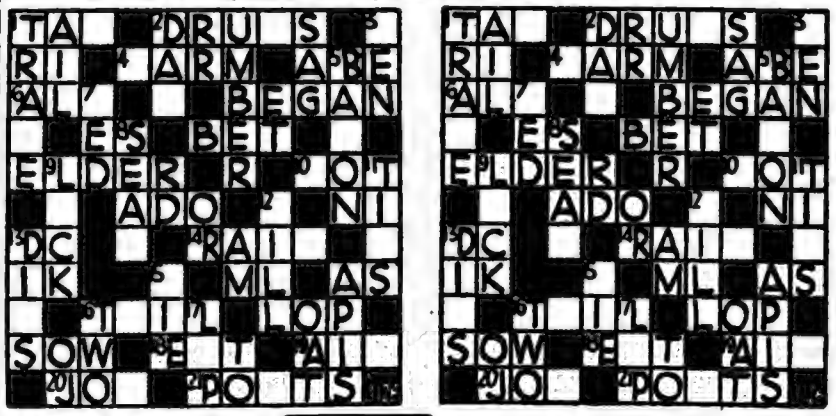
Make entry on Squares or "Time-Sava" Entry Form as preferred.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 126. Closing Thursday, Sept. 29, 1938.



IF USING 2 SQUARES ONLY, USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value..... No.....

With 2 squares send P.O. for 6d.
With 4 squares send P.O. for 1s.

2 SQUARES 6d.
4 SQUARES 1s.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CUT ROUND BROKEN LINE

USE THIS COUPON FOR FREE X-WORD AID

Affix 1½d. Stamp Here	Affix 1½d. Stamp Here

I have affixed 2d. in stamps for postage on "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets Bulletin." Please arrange :—

(a) A 6 weeks' Free supply.

(b) 6 weeks' extension of my present supply.
(Cross out line which is not applicable.)

Name .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Improved New Time Sava Crossword No. 126

6D ENTRY-FEE FOR THESE 2 ATTEMPTS 6D EACH FURTHER TWO COLUMNS

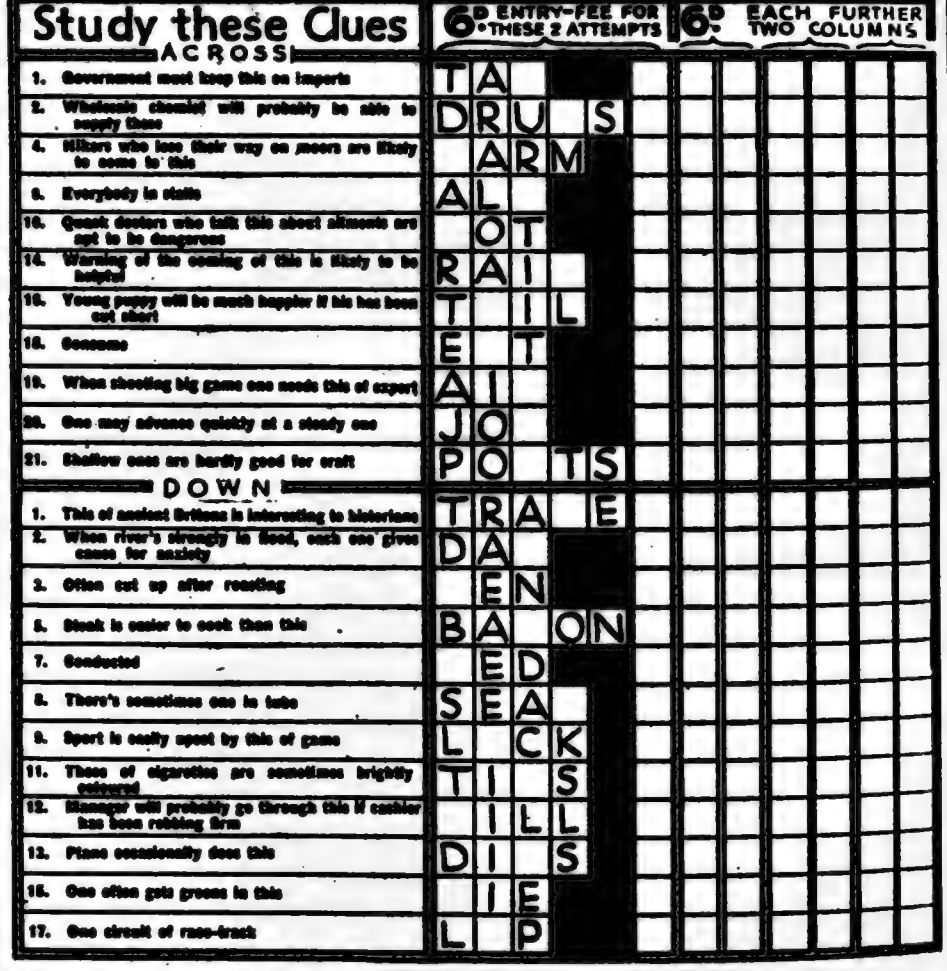
Study these Clues

ACROSS

1. Government must keep this on imports
2. Wholesale chemist will probably be able to supply these
4. Hikers who lose their way on moors are likely to come to this
6. Everybody in state
10. Quack doctors who talk this about ailments are apt to be dangerous
14. Warning of the coming of this is likely to be helpful
15. Young puppy will be much happier if his has been cut short
16. Consume
19. When shooting big game one needs this of expert
20. One may advance quickly at a steady one
21. Shallow seas are hardly good for craft

DOWN

1. This of ancient Britons is interesting to historians
2. When river's strongly in flood, each one gives cause for anxiety
3. Often cut up after roasting
5. Steak is easier to cook than this
7. Conducted
8. There's sometimes one in tube
9. Sport is easily upset by this of game
11. These of cigarettes are sometimes brightly coloured
12. Manager will probably go through this if cashier has been robbing firm
13. Plane occasionally does this
15. One often gets grease in this
17. One circuit of race-track



INSTRUCTIONS FOR USE :—First work out Puzzle on ordinary Square with aid of clues. Then indicate first set of Answers by completing in ink a word against each clue in first column above. EVERY LETTER SPACE IN THIS FIRST COLUMN MUST BE COMPLETED OR ENTRY SHEET DISQUALIFIED. In subsequent columns indicate subsequent sets of Answers by marking ON EACH LINE THE ONE LETTER NECESSARY TO COMPLETE WORD AT THIS POINT. Should any letter space be left blank in second and subsequent columns this will be regarded as indicating that you wish Answer in Column 1 to be read at that point.

I submit this entry for X-word 126 on the understanding that first column and each subsequent column used shall be regarded for Adjudication and all other purposes as a full and precise equivalent of current X-word Square, completed with aid of Clues provided. I agree to all Rules and Conditions and enclose

P.O. Value..... No.....

Signed.....

Address .....

.....

.....

ADDRESS ENTRY: CROSSWORD No. 126, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2, (Comp.) **Note NEW Closing Date—THURSDAY, SEPT. 29.**

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Plastic Power

ONE of the most fallacious things ever said was that "Man is the creature of Circumstance."

No excuse for physical, intellectual and moral laziness is cannot be beaten.

To say that we are "creatures of Circumstance" is to deny every quality that makes us men.

It implies that we are helpless atoms with no voice in our own destinies. It implies that everything that happens to us was ordained from the beginning, that we are not responsible for our thoughts or our actions, that we are drifters.

It hardly needs argument to demonstrate the foolishness of such a theory.

You have only to keep your eyes open to realise that circumstances do not shape men, but reveal them in their true light.

For the measure of a man's character is how he handles circumstances and reacts to them.

"Our strength is measured by our plastic power," wrote a great biographer. "From the same materials one man builds palaces, another hovels; one warehouses, another villas. Bricks and mortar are matter and bricks, until the architect can make them something else."

The world is pretty much the same for all of us; the difference is in what we do with it.

If we are weak, lazy and vacillating we shall do precious little.

Then, indeed, we may easily become "creatures of Circumstance," gloomy, pessimistic, hopeless.

But if you see someone like that you will also see someone devoid of purpose and without principles.

You will, in fact, see someone with little character.

To have purpose, to hold to principles, to believe in truthfulness of deed as well as of word, to believe that right is always better than wrong—this is the sort of thing that enables us to rise with ease above any circumstances.

PLAIN JOHN BROWN

WHEN the new 65,000-ton Cunarder Queen Elizabeth slides from its stocks at John Brown's yard, Clydebank, next Tuesday, the world's biggest ship will have been launched.

John Brown's yard—that's a homely way to talk of the great shipbuilding concern, with its towering cranes and great slipways.

But then the man who founded this £5,000,000 firm was a homely man. Just plain John Brown.

Born in 1816, the son of a slater, he left school at the age of fourteen, and was apprenticed to a firm of Sheffield merchants.

During the first two years he received no pay; but he got the princely sum of six shillings a week for the subsequent five years.

He was the brightest and most hard-working apprentice in the firm; and the senior partner, impressed by his ability, not only suggested that he should start business on his own, but put up most of the capital for him to do so.

★

At twenty-one, therefore, the year that Queen Victoria came to the throne, young John Brown started in business and became a manufacturer of cutlery.

His first experience of big money-making came in 1848, when he invented the conical steel spring buffer for railway carriages.

That was in the early days of the great railway boom.

Great Britain and France were being covered with a network of railways, and John Brown's spring buffers, once they had been adopted, were being put into commission as fast as his works could turn them out.

Eight years later the little Sheffield cutler extended his works to produce railway carriages, steel rails, ordnance forgings for guns, and armoured plates.

Then, in 1856, Henry Bessemer made the first public announcement of his famous process before the British Association.

Waiting to answer the call of the sea—the new 65,000-ton Cunarder "Queen Elizabeth," biggest ship in the world

Many of the scientists who heard him and most of the steel manufacturers were sceptical as to the practicability of the idea.

A few manufacturers did make a gamble with it, but only John Brown persevered, and extended his works until they covered thirty acres and employed 4,000 men.

He was then supplying practically the whole of the Sheffield steel trade.

A few years later John Brown was at Toulon, in France, when he saw part of the French fleet in harbour sheathed in their new armour plate.

★

At that time, not a single ship in the British Navy was armoured, and John Brown hurried home to break the vital news to Palmerston, the Prime Minister.

But neither John Brown nor Palmerston lost their heads.

The Sheffield steel manufacturer considered that the French, in applying the armour with hammered plates, were going the wrong way about it.

He thought — and told Palmerston so—that bigger and stronger plates could be produced by a rolling process, which he proceeded to instal at his works.

But if Palmerston was convinced of the need for counter measures, My Lords of the Admiralty were not.

They hummed and hawed, and dilled and dallied, while foreign powers were knocking at John Brown's door and begging him, in vain, to supply their warships with his new armour steel.

At last, however, they consented to come to Sheffield for a demonstration of the new rolling process.

They were convinced and within a few years three-quarters of the British Navy was sheathed in armour.

In 1857 John Brown made the first screw steamer of the Cunard Atlantic fleet, in addition to fifty warships; and Queen Victoria knighted him.

★

A few years later, at the age of fifty-four, he retired from business, and continued to enjoy his well-earned leisure until his death nearly thirty years later.

The firm he founded went on from strength to strength.

To-day it employs 20,000 men on its 100 acres of works, while another 50,000 are working in its allied firms. Its latest venture is the manufacture of aircraft at Yeovil, where the works of Westland Aircraft, Ltd., have been taken over.

The spirit of plain John Brown is still alive.

Race with "Silver Ring"

"Steve's" Autumn Cup?

NEWBURY, Berkshire's lovely racecourse, will be the venue of a fine race on Saturday. The Autumn Cup—two miles and a furlong—will bring together some good horses, including Rao Sahib, Orphan Duckling, Senor, Battle Song, Hurry de Savoie and Nettleweed. Of these, I note particularly the last-named, owned by Sir Victor Sassoon and trained by "Steve" Donoghue.

Nettleweed has been having a really good preparation for this event, and has been seen to advantage in long-distance work down at Blewbury, Donoghue's training quarters.

Nettleweed is a four-year-old, with 7 st. 5 lb. to carry, and I think will win, or just about. Certainly I regard this one as a first-rate each-way investment.

"Steve" has done exceptionally well with his string to date, and I am hoping that he can add the training of a Newbury Cup winner to his many laurels. Rao Sahib is a big danger, however.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, September 22, to Wednesday, September 28:-

X Z Q C 93 B 94 M S R P O 98 T F U 97 L H J I 95 E D K V W A N 96 G Y

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

S9396FKQ93W would read KINGSHIP.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. OJQ93Z2 would read ACHILL.

The cost of a new durable weathertight roof for any small building

is only the cost of a roll of

PLUVEX

Standard 5/6. Heavy 7/6

108 sq. ft. in every roll

Of Ironmongers and Builders' Merchants. Send coupon for interesting FREE Booklet "How to make a sound job of a small roof" and samples of PLUVEX.

PLUVEX ROOF FELT

To The Ruberoid Co., Ltd., 139 Lincoln House, High Holborn, London, WC1
Please send me samples of Pluvex and also a copy of your FREE Book which tells me how I can roof any small building, at little cost.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

GREY HAIR *banished*

HINDES HAIR TINT is harmless for restoring and preserving the natural colour of the hair. Contains no grease. Easy to apply. Cannot be detected. Four shades: Light Brown, Dark Brown, Brown, Black. Chemists' Stores Hairdressers 2/6 per bottle.

HINDES HAIRTINT

FREE SAMPLE

Send 2d. for postage and state shade required to Hindes Ltd., 5 Great Queen St., Kingsway, London, W.C.2

BAD LEGS YIELD TO NEW TREATMENT

Sufferers from Bad Legs, Eczema, Psoriasis and other skin disorders have found new hope with the remarkable discovery of the value of vitamins in healing skin troubles—Scientists, after carrying out a number of laboratory and clinical tests, discovered that when a certain "Skin Vitamin" was present healing of diseased tissues took place quicker. This curative vitamin activates "HEALO" Brand Antiseptic Ointment and this quality, together with soothing and germicidal properties, makes "HEALO" brand Ointment of exceptional value in the treatment of all skin troubles—Your Chemist will be able to supply you with a 1/3 or 3/- (3 times the size) tin, or post free from Dept. A, Cussons, Gerrard & Co., Ltd., Manufacturing Chemists, Oldbury, Birmingham.

HEALO OINTMENT

Gravel and Stone

QUICK RELIEF FROM TERRIBLE AGONY

Deposits of Gravel and the formation of Stone in the bladder are directly due to weak kidney action. Healthy kidneys should pass out of the system gently and naturally the waste and impurities that accumulate in the blood stream. When kidneys are sluggish these impurities—razor-edged uric acid crystals, urea, bacteria and dead body cells—pass into the bladder, where they lodge. Gravel and Stone is the result. The bladder becomes irritated and inflamed. Urine becomes thick and cloudy and it is just sheer agony when you seek relief. Only a remedy that will cleanse and strengthen weak or choked-up kidneys can help you. That remedy is De Witts Brand Kidney and Bladder Pills.

De Witts Pills make your kidneys strong and active, so that all the pain-causing poisons and impurities are cleansed and passed gently and naturally out of the body. No more scorching, tearing pains when you seek relief. De Witts Pills will give you relief from pain at once, and will end your pain and danger for good if you give them a fair trial. Ask for and see you get—

DEWITTS

BRAND

KIDNEY AND BLADDER PILLS

They Cleanse and Strengthen the Kidneys

Made specially to end the pain of Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Joint Pains, Urinary Disorders and all forms of Kidney Trouble. Of all chemists, prices 1/3, 2/- & 5/-.

Have you heard how splendid is the healing, soothing balm, Man Zan? A specially prepared, soothing, healing unguent for blind, bleeding, internal or external piles. Sold in clean-to-use, special applicator tubes, from all chemists. Price 3/-. End the maddening pain and irritation of pile trouble for good with Man Zan Brand Remedy.

INDIGESTION MARS YOUR LIFE

GET INSTANT RELIEF THIS WAY

If you are one of the many people who suffer terribly from chronic digestive disorder, you know that indigestion can wreck your life. Here is proof positive that you can stop the pain and danger of chronic indigestion at quite a small cost. Every victim of indigestion should read this amazing letter.

Mr. C. E. Jones, of 27, Dibley St., Newcastle-on-Tyne, says:—*"I was nearly driven mad with indigestion pains in my chest. I tried dieting and many remedies, but could not get any relief. I dreaded eating all food. I bought a tin of De Witt's Antacid Powder, and within four days was able to eat anything. Since then I have never had a repetition of my complaint. To me it is amazing. De Witt's Antacid Powder has indeed been a wonderful blessing."*

De Witt's Antacid Powder soothes and protects the stomach lining. It stimulates the whole digestive processes so that you can enjoy every meal with never a fear of painful after-effects.

For your own satisfaction get a supply of De Witt's Antacid Powder to-day. Take a dose after your next meal, get instant relief from your old indigestion misery. You will feel and look years younger because you will enjoy your food, and every particle will do you good. For all forms of digestive disorder, take—

DEWITT'S Antacid Powder

the quick-action remedy for Indigestion, Acid Stomach, Flatulence, Dyspepsia, Palpitation, Heartburn, Gastritis and all Stomachic Affections. Of all Chemists, price 1/6, double size, 2/6.

Dad . . . Likes Fresh Air

By Maz

DORIS (Iver).—"Do you know what it is like to be in love, to sit next to the one you adore and to feel your innermost soul vibrate?" No, we have never ridden pillion.

ARTHUR (Taunton).—"My fiancée told me she did not believe in long engagements." See letter below.

JANET (Taunton).—"I told him I did not wish to be engaged to him any longer and gave him back his ring." See letter above.

J. M. (Glasgow).—"What do you think I told my neighbour's little boy when he called to ask if I would lend his father my corkscrew?" That you would bring it round yourself?

D. L. (Byfleet).—"I want you to understand that I don't want my own back." Sunbathers and amateur gardeners know that feeling.

R. Y. (Leyton).—"I am very proud of my paintings and think I shall hold an exhibition soon." Be careful you don't get rheumatics sitting on the cold pavement.

A. Y. (Hatfield).—"I saw a smartly-dressed man ring a doorbell and then run away." Perhaps his toothache got better suddenly.

F. K. (Lewes).—"How would you like to be followed down a country lane by a desperate-looking man armed with a heavy stick?" A considerable distance away.

G. L. (Blackheath).—"I am a debt-collector, but in my spare time I run a small poultry farm." And do you make your hens pay, too?

E. Y. (Colchester).—"I am looking out for a career. What is the best way to take up something in modern steelwork?" Become a lift-man.

R. J. (Darlington).—"My view is that a man does not like to have a number of young people trailing round after him." What about a mountain guide?

ELSIE (Wembley).—"He had done practically no diving, so I cannot understand why he insisted on going off the top board." To make a splash?

M. B. (Perth).—"My daughter's new boy friend comes round to our house every evening for dinner, so I think he must be serious." Or hungry.

D. K. (Doncaster).—"I am anxious to find a really good use for sour milk." We forgot to tell the dairy that we were going away on holiday, too.

L. P. (Hitchin).—"I have taken up botany as I am curious to find out just how the foliage leaves the trees in the autumn." Bare, surely?

D. M. (Lewisham).—"Don't you agree that a man with brains and ambition is pretty sure to get on?" Until, of course, he tackles a London bus during the rush hour.

M. N. (Bodmin).—"Some barbers deliberately encourage their customers to bet." So that was what ours meant the other day when he asked if we would like anything on?

F. M. (Bath).—"I am very strict on money matters and I wouldn't even cash a cheque for my own brother." Well, of course, you know your own family better than we do.

R. M. (Bungay).—"Give the average owner-driver a complete set of tools, place him beneath a car with a damaged undercarriage, and how, I ask you, will he come out of it?" Oily.

KEN (Dawlish).—"My lady friend said she had a very difficult part to play in an amateur production recently, but when I saw the play I was amazed. She hadn't a word to say." Well, isn't that a difficult part for a lady?

"You fool, you've opened the alarm clock"
(From "The Passing Show")

The Editor Laughs Last

"Bullets" Illustrated:

Everybody Fears—Village Policeman—Riding Motor-bike!

N. F. (Oxford).—"What would you call a man who goes to sleep halfway through a very important lecture?" Tired.

G. P. (Windsor).—"I intend going abroad to study singing." And your neighbours as well?

F. K. (Ventnor).—"A friendly nod may mean a lot to a lonely person." Especially if the auctioneer mistakes it for a bid.

C. M. (Malvern).—"I had a hand in both goals scored by our side in the match." And the referee let you get away with it?

T. R. E. (Kendal).—"Our maid has left us because my husband was so rude to her on the telephone." He thought he was talking to you?

RECRUIT (Warley).—"If I refuse to wear the heavy boots issued to me by the Army, just how do I stand?" In your stockinged feet.

D. N. (Esher).—"My small son presented me with a pair of soft lamb's-wool slippers for my birthday." Artful young rascal!

TENOR (Charlton).—"The other day I succeeded in holding a note for over a minute." But your wife got it in the end, we suppose?

IMPOVERISHED (Crewe).—"I am digging for old Roman coins in a field at the back of my garden." Having given up all hope of getting hold of any of our present-day ones?

L. E. (Petworth).—"You should see my new hat. My friends say I look charming in it." It must be a wonderful hat.

S. A. (Gosport).—"I suppose that poetry comes quite easily to you?" Yes, but we send it back.

S. M. (Reading).—"I know all the short cuts in this town." We have a lot of fine days down our way, too.

P. V. (Ryde).—"He has distorted views of things." Pasted in his family album?

W. T. (Brecon).—"I love a millionaire's daughter and I know I shall have to work hard to win her." You'll have to work harder if you don't.

BILL (Liverpool).—"While at a boxing arena the other day, a young giant of twenty caught my eye." That should teach you to keep out of the ring!

M. V. (Trowbridge).—"My son wants my drawing-room nearly every evening for his dance-band practice. What can I do?" Go out.

P. L. (Rochdale).—"A whist player is sure to be successful if he puts his heart into the game." Not if it ought to be a diamond.

E. D. (Everton).—"What does it generally mean when the barometer suddenly falls?" That the nail has come out of the wall.

R. S. (Harrow).—"Those highbrow lecturers, who bore so many radio listeners with their talks, should be taken off the ether." Or put under it.

T. L. (Cuckfield).—"You would never guess what I found when I left a lonely country house very late one night." The police waiting for you?

W. U. (Exeter).—"My wife is firmly convinced that there is a place for everything in this world." Then she doesn't know much about racehorses.

E. W. (Monkseaton).—"If I give my young son one of the largest encyclopædias published, what more can he ask?" Hundreds of questions.

P. A. G. (Tottenham).—"If I had a regular pay envelope there'd be more in our larder." Send in some neat *Bullets* this week—the harvest may be a pension to fill your pocket for years, a useful cheque or a big box of groceries. See opposite page.

W. R. D. (Markyate).—"My boy said he was in the seventh heaven when I accepted him." He'd been engaged six times previously?

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

PEMBROKE COUNTY AND WEST WALES GUARDIAN:—"A chimney in Southfields, OCCUPIED by Mrs. T——, was struck by lightning . . ."

EVENING NEWS:—"I was watching a lady pushing a TRAM across the road."

ECHO:—"The rainfall in Poole is still half that which normally falls in the first six MINUTES of the year."

NEWTOWNARDS SPECTATOR:—". . . a COLLISION is to be taken up for the Royal Victoria Hospital."

LANCASTER OBSERVER:—". . . that there was a good service of buses to Ryelands during the evening, but the BAD concert was in the afternoon."

WESTERN MAIL AND SOUTH WALES NEWS:—"If the TENDENCY is a weekly one a clear week's notice is sufficient."

PENSION FOR A "BULLET" WITH 6,219 OTHER PRIZES and ONE WEEK ONLY 50
£20 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
PENSION 1st PRIZE—OR LUMP SUM OF £250
£50 OFFER WITH EACH PRIZE
£25 £10 £9 £8
£7 £6 £5 £4 £3 10 of £2-10
BIG BOXES OF GROCERIES!
2,000 SURPRISE AWARDS EACH WEEK 5/- 6,000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES
12 PRIZES IN 1
to fill your larder—all high-class groceries specially selected by "John Bull"
1140

YOU know how welcome is just an extra £1 in your pocket. Well, think what a welcome you would give to a Joy Wire from JOHN BULL, heralding the coming of £1 extra for you not once, but every Saturday for the rest of your days!

This is the *only* must-be-won Pension offered in Competitions to-day, and it can be yours if you grasp your opportunity *now*.

A big batch of cheques supports this week's fine Pension First and 6,220 further awards include 50 new 12-in-1 prizes—boxes of high-class groceries with which to fill your larder shelves.

Complete your entry with the aid of the following simple instructions, post at once and you will be ready for *Bullets* colossal 26th Birthday Offer coming in next week's issue.

To make a prize *Bullet*, select an *Example*, jot down any idea it suggests and improve this rough note to TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, that against this week's *Example*, MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME, you had scribbled, *Reckless Driver Eventually Had Fatal Crash*. From this you could easily produce the typical *Bullet*, MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME—PROVED ROAD-HOG'S *Last* TIME.

Before starting on your own efforts, note the good points of the leading *Bullets* in our 1,136th Contest on this page. Then start on the *Examples*, for your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, October 1.

'BULLETS' 1,136 RESULT

First Prize, £1 Weekly for Life or £250 Cash:

T. W. J. ATKINS, 5, Wyndham Road, Canton, Cardiff.
Example: AFTER A DAY'S WORK
Bullet: WHEN "DAY'S DONE," TRAGIC.

Second Prize £25:

A. S. ANDERSON, 28, Blackbrook Lane, Bickley, Kent.
Example: If Geneva Worked
Bullet: Like Hitler, "Hit" Libeller.

Third Prize £10:

A. H. GALE, Town End, Wylye, Warminster.
Example: Cost Of War
Bullet: Millions—And Our "Tuppences."

OTHER PRIZES:

£9: G. G. SMITH, 2, Lodge Road, Tonbridge.
In The Political Field—"Jerrybuilding" Lasting Too Long.

£8: L. M. GARDINER, 28, Oakfield Road, Davenport, Stockport.
Cost Of War—Countless Lives—Count, Live!

£7: V. MAGE, High Street, Moreton-in-Marsh.
It's Serious When—"Hurry!" Worrying—Worry Slowing.

£6: F. G. MACHIN, 3, St. Paul's Road, Margate, Kent.
Teacher's Task—"Coaching" Forty-in-hand.

£5: F. W. STUCHBERY, 18 B, Spring Gardens, Weymouth.
Cost Of War—Uncountable Before—Unpayable After!

£4: M. JONES, 48, Commercial Street, New Tredegar, Mon.
It's Wrong, So—Nothing Unexpected About Forecast!

£3: F. H. LEEK, 56, Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey.
Led To Blows—Village Brigade's One Axe!

10 of £2 10s. each:

W. BOSSETT, "Bridge Mount," Barnpark Road, Teignmouth, Devon.
It's Serious When—"Mother's Boy" Smothers Boyhood.

Mrs. G. BURROWS, 46, Redcross Street, Grantham.
Man's Wages—"Eaten Up," Rateables Up.

Miss S. KING, "Croftdene," Purton, Swindon.
In A Better Light—Village Pianist Played Worse!

G. L. KUBER, 249, Amir Farouk, Cairo, Egypt.
Teacher's Task—Distinguishing Pupils Named "Shirley."

I. MORGAN, Erynllwchwr, Forest, Pontardulais, Glam.
He Gritted His Teeth And—Eventually Chewed Fat Cigar.

R. L. RIDGE, 94, Hythe Road, Swindon, Wilts.
Paid By Results—Politicians Losing—Politics Gaining.

Miss L. TITMUS, 1, Harvey Road, Leytonstone, E.
On His Travels—Pa Dwells—Pads Well.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. TOUCH, 27, The Broadway, Hatch End.
Civilisation's Swan-song—Wouldn't Stop Neighbouring Contralto!

F. TYLDESLEY, 77, Bradford Road, Farnworth, Lancs.
Led To Blows—Someone Called Her "Her?"

B. WHITE, "Kasima," The Meadow, Newlyn, Penzance.
No Good To Britain—War—Britain's "No!" Good.

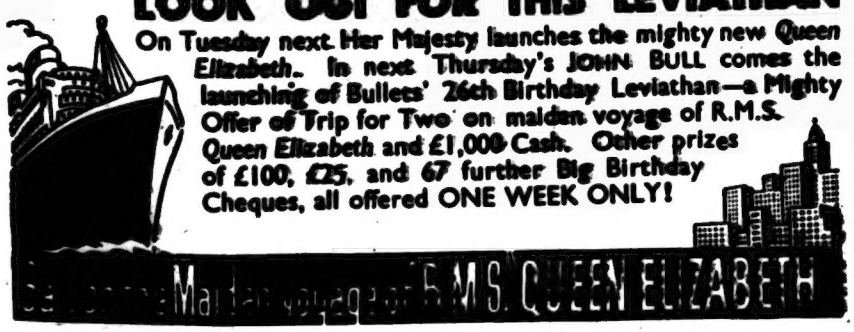
Each of the foregoing winners will also receive a "Philips" Radio Set value £7 10s. 0d.

A list of 25 10s. and 200 Surprise Award Winners can be seen at these offices.

Save Money on Entries

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to JOHN BULL, address joint entry envelope "Bullets" No. 1,140 and Crossword No. 126, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "B and C" in top left-hand corner.


LOOK OUT FOR THIS LEVIATHAN
On Tuesday next Her Majesty launches the mighty new Queen Elizabeth. In next Thursday's JOHN BULL comes the launching of Bullets' 26th Birthday Leviathan—a Mighty Offer of Trip for Two on maiden voyage of R.M.S. Queen Elizabeth and £1,000 Cash. Other prizes of £100, £25, and 67 further Big Birthday Cheques, all offered ONE WEEK ONLY!
R.M.S. QUEEN ELIZABETH

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example"

GET BUSY, NEVILLE
POWER FOR PEACE
UNDERSTANDING WIFE
WHEN EVERYBODY FLIES
CLOUDLESS SKIES
IF WE SURVIVE
DEFENCELESS WOMAN
DISCHARGED
ADDING TO HER TROUBLES
MY FAULT
MAN TO HELP
GOOD PUPIL
SHOWS HIS IGNORANCE
HE'S A DRIVER, SO
BECOMING MECHANICAL
MAKING UP FOR LOST TIME
MRS. BROWN POPPED IN AND
IN FAIRNESS TO OTHERS
GLOWING
HIS ENEMY
THIN END OF THE WEDGE
IN A FLASH
LIT UP
RUINED HIS PROSPECTS
THERE'LL BE A ROW IF
AMATEUR DETECTIVE
TIRELESS
GRANNY'S REMEDY
WHEN SONNY WENT BLACKBERRYING
DROPPED ON
IT'S ONLY A VILLAGE, YET
ALL I CAN SPARE

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

(1,140) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 1. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. | Address .....

YOU CAN POST YOUR ENTRY UP TILL LAST COLLECTION, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1.

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

(1,140) | P.O. No. ..... | Signed .....
Closing postmark SAT., Oct. 1. | I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. | Address .....

FREE COUPON FOR COMPETITION No 1,140 IF USED AS INSTRUCTED BELOW

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

FREE PRIVILEGE ENTRY

I enclose TWO or more paid (or prize) coupons for Bullets No. 1,140, all entered in same name and address, entitling me to this coupon FREE.

Signed .....
Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,140 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £250 chosen by the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,135 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Guilford's, 495, Northolt Road, S. Harrow.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the Judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,140, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

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SHE'S healthy, happy and gloriously fit, and just as well now as at the end of her August Holidays—and it's all because she takes her Bile Beans at bedtime.

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